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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 3.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

A SKETCH OF SOME OF ITS PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS, AND STUDENTS.[1]

Whilst the glory of the Georgetown College centenary celebration is yet undimmed, the orations of its panegyrists yet remembered, and the friendships of its alumni reunions yet uncooled, the sons of the "eldest daughter of Georgetown"—for such is their boast—desire that her history be written.

And a glorious history is hers. It is the history of an institution that, long before the advent of the public schools, and long before the founding of the present private schools and colleges of the city, was the sole educator of the youth of the District of Columbia, and the chief instrument that formed the public mind. Indeed, so great was its influence that a leading journalist has said: "Nine out of ten of the old citizens of Washington seem to have been, at one time or other, pupils of Gonzaga College." Though this statement may not be strictly true, yet an examination of the old records will show a galaxy of the most prominent business and professional men of Washington. It was the *alma mater* of Henry May, Member of Congress from Baltimore; of Capt. May, the hero of the battle of Resaca de la Palma;[2]

[1] This sketch, which first appeared in the *Church News*, of March 17, 1889, was written with the hope of benefiting "old Gonzaga." Hence care was taken not to omit any list of names, or notice of distinguished officers and students that reflected credit upon the institution.

[2] This battle (May 9, 1846) was distinguished for the desperate charge of Captain May, who, at the head of his dragoons, rode up to the very mouth of the enemy's cannon, silenced the batteries, and took Gen. Vega prisoner.—*Records of the Mexican War.*

of Dr. Frederick May; of Dr. Noble Young; of William Douglas Wallach, founder of the *Star;* of his brother Richard H. Wallach, Mayor of Washington; of James M. Carlisle, one of the most distinguished of American lawyers; of Fathers William F. Clarke, James A. Ward, Robert Fulton, William B. Cleary, and Daniel Lynch; of the late Judge Wm. M. Merrick; of James Hoban, George W. Anderson, John F. Callan; of the Brents, Boones, Diggses, Masis, Riggses, Morgans, Hamiltons, Magruders, Mattinglys, etc.

FR. ANTHONY KOHLMANN.

Fr. Anthony Kohlmann was appointed in 1820 the first rector of Gonzaga College, which was then located on F street, between Ninth and Tenth, northwest. Father Kohlmann was born on the 13th of July, 1771, at Kaysersberg, near Colmar, Alsace, where he made his early studies. Prevented for a time by the political troubles of that period from following a decided call to the ecclesiastical state, he at length succeeded in finishing his course of theology at the college of Fribourg, Switzerland, and was ordained priest in the spring of 1796. Immediately after his ordination he became a member of the Society of the Sacred Heart, at Gogingen. This was an association of clergymen, founded to revive the spirit and labors of the Society of Jesus. Compelled to leave Belgium by the revolution, these fathers after many wanderings finally settled at Hagenbrunn, in Austria. Shortly after their arrival here, in 1797, a Roman priest, Father Paccanari, not knowing of the existence of the Society of the Sacred Heart, organized the Society of the Faith of Jesus, with precisely the same object in view. When he heard of the prior establishment he endeavored to effect a union between the two. In this he was successful. Elected superior on April 18, 1799, Father Paccanari sent his subjects to Germany, France, Italy, and Holland, to preach the word, to instruct youth, and to serve in the hospitals.

In this last work Father Kohlmann took especial delight. So heroic were his efforts to relieve the sufferings of the victims of an epidemic which ravaged Hagenbrunn in 1799, that he was styled the "Martyr of Charity." With like devotedness he labored in the North of Italy amongst the patients in military hospitals that were reeking with filthiness and destitute of conveniences for the comfort of the sick. From four o'clock in the morning till nine at night he was incessantly engaged in these establishments, and for five or six hours he heard confessions, often in a standing

posture, to avoid being covered with vermin. During the two years passed in these works of mercy, the great majority of the soldiers received the sacraments, and hundreds of Protestants were brought back to the Church. More than forty were reclaimed by Fr. Kohlmann during the two weeks that closed the mission.

He was next stationed at Dilligen, Bavaria, presiding over a college, then in Belgium and England, and afterwards in Holland.

But he was destined to use his talents in a field where the harvest was ripe but the harvesters few, and where revolution after revolution would not come to interrupt his apostolical labors. For his fondest hopes were not realized nor the intense longings of his heart satisfied, until he became a novice of the Society of Jesus in Dunebourg, Russia, on the 21st of June, 1805. So well did he learn the lessons of St. Ignatius in one year of noviceship, that his superiors deemed him qualified for the American mission. Accordingly he sailed for this country, in company with Father Peter Epinette, arriving in Baltimore on Nov. 3, 1806. In the letter which their superior sent to Bishop Carroll, they are called "regular, docile, obedient, and in every way deserving religious." Father General Thaddeus Brzozowski wrote to Father Wm. Strickland in reference to these fathers: *Sancti angeli custodes præcedant et comitentur has Societatis primitias! Filii sanctorum sumus; non erimus degeneres a spiritu et actionibus patrum.*

On his arrival at Georgetown College, Father Kohlmann was appointed *socius* to the master of novices, Father Francis Neale. "With great fervor and unction" says Father McElroy, "he gave the novices frequent exhortations, which produced the most happy effects; he also introduced the customs, penances, etc., usual in the Society as he had found them in Russia. They differed but little from those now in use in the novitiate, except that we took breakfast standing."

Besides this work, he gave missions this year to German and English congregations in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and occasionally said Mass for the Catholics of Alexandria, Va. Shea [1] says of these missions: "The results were most consoling, for Father Kohlmann was a man pre-eminent in theological learning, and in the pulpit making truth clear to the most limited intelligence, in words that reached the heart while they instructed the mind."

Archbishop Carroll sent him in October, 1808, to New York City, as pastor of St. Peter's Church and as adminis-

[1] Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, p. 525.

trator of the diocese. His assistant was Father Benedict Fenwick, afterwards Bishop of Boston. In order to accommodate the increasing number of Catholics, he purchased a large plot of ground in what was then unimproved land, between Broadway and the Bowery, and laid the corner-stone of old St. Patrick's Cathedral on June 8, 1809.

Confident that a college of the Society would prosper in the city of New York, he purchased for $1300 an entire square on the site of the present cathedral, and there established the "New York Literary Institution." This college, having an able corps of professors, and enjoying the patronage of Ex-Governor Livingstone, Governor Tompkins, and other distinguished citizens who sent their sons, gave brilliant promise of a glorious future.

In 1809 the infidel Thomas Paine lay dying. As he had given positive orders that no Protestant minister should be admitted to his chamber, some one of his family summoned Father Fenwick to his bedside. He went, accompanied by Father Kohlmann. Paine seemed at first not offended at their visit, but refused to listen to the consoling truths of the Christian faith which they suggested to him. His sufferings were so terrible, and his continuous blasphemies and howls of despair so horrible and disgusting that the fathers were obliged to withdraw and leave the infidel to die as he had lived.

Since the preceding paragraph was written, the following copy of a letter from Bp. Fenwick to his brother, Fr. George Fenwick, then at Georgetown, was found in the Woodstock Historical Collection. The letter is dated Boston, Dec. 28, 1833. In the first part, Bp. Fenwick refutes a calumny circulated in Europe at the time against "a German Jesuit in America" whose name is not mentioned. We insert the rest of the letter here as it contains a graphic description of the incident referred to.

You mention likewise in your letter that the respectable and truly pious F. Kohlmann has likewise been assailed; for, it is thus you write under the same date:

"The death of Tom Paine in his habitual impiety has also been ascribed to the rashness and furious zeal of Fath. Kohlmann. You are said to have first visited that unhappy man in his last illness and to have made such deep impressions on him that Paine promised to consider the arguments proposed more maturely and become a Catholic if he should be satisfied of their full force. You mentioned what had occurred to F. Kohlmann on returning home, who said that he would go himself to Paine.—He went and threatened the dying man with reprobation and damnation in such a way as to disgust him, and he afterwards refused to see any clergyman." Having stated that this also has

been circulated in Europe, you conclude with requesting me to give a true statement of what happened.

In answer I have to observe that the entire is a fabrication. Any attempt to injure F. Kohlmann, on account of his interview with Paine, will necessarily fail. I was present with F. Kohlmann the whole time at Paine's bed-side, and the only time that either of us saw him; I have a distinct recollection of all that passed on that occasion; and I am glad to have the opportunity to put down so injurious a calumny, although persuaded that the whole tenor of the life and conversation of that excellent Jesuit is such that it stands not in need of my vindication. The fact was as follows:

A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. — He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness, and who had told him among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if any body could do him good it would be a Rom. Catholic Priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress), whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of the message to me from Paine. I stated the circumstance to F. Kohlmann at Breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at that time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most *impious* as well as *infamous* of men. We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich where Paine lodged; and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him. If this mode afterwards failed of success, why should the failure be imputed to F. Kohlmann any more than to me? We were both concerned in it, and had equally agreed upon it as the best, under circumstances, that could be adopted. Why should, in fact, either of us be blamed? We both went with the purest and sincerest intention of reclaiming an unhappy Infidel;—and if we missed gaining him over by the plan each of us had hoped might prove successful, with the grace of God, might it not with some reason be ascribed rather to the pride, the vanity and hardness of Paine's heart? — to the just judgment of the Almighty who had said, *that we should die as we lived?*

We arrived at the house, — a decent looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door, and enquired whether we were the Catholic Priests; for, said she, Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of different other Denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the Clergymen of the Catholic Church. Upon assuring her that we were Cath. Clergymen, she opened the door and shewed us into the Parlour. She then left the room and shortly after returned to inform us, that Paine was asleep; and at the same time expressed a wish, that we would not disturb him: for, said she, he is always in a bad humour

when roused out of his sleep—it is better to wait a little till he be awake. We accordingly sat down, and resolved to await the favourable moment.—"Gentlemen," said the lady after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine; for, he is labouring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his Physician that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told, that if any one could do him good, you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy, that his Physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are heartrending. *O Lord help me*, he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, *God help me, Jesus Christ help me*, repeating the same expressions without any, the least, variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say: *O God what have I done to suffer so much!* Then shortly after: *But there is no God!* and again a little after: *Yet, if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?* Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted? 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake, stay with me; for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him as I had much work to attend to in the house. '*Then*,' said he, '*send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.*' I never saw, she concluded, a more unhappy—a more forsaken man! It seems he cannot reconcile himself to die."

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse, and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant; yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, and bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the Parlour, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. —We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth, his look that of a man greatly tortured in mind, his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose latter days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken undoubtedly but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited but very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which also flowed in the track, and left its marks on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through

which the door opened. Father Kohlmann, having entered first, took a seat on the side near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side, near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, Fath. Kohlmann in a mild tone of voice informed him that we were Catholic Priests, and were come on his invitation to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that, as Paine had been in France, he was perfectly acquainted with that language (which was, however, not the fact), and might understand better what he said, as he had, at that time, a greater facility and could express his thoughts much better in it than in the English.

"Monsr. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre entitulé *L'Age de Raison*, où vous avez attaqué l'Ecriture Sainte avec une violence sans bornes, et d'autres de vos écrits publiés en France—et je suis persuadé que. . . . "

Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordered him to speak in English—thus: "Speak English, man, speak English." Father Kohlmann without shewing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself nearly as follows, after his interruption, in English:—

"Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled *The Age of Reason*, as well as other of your writings against the Christian Religion, and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian Religion, Sir, ... "

"That's enough, Sir,—that's enough," said Paine, again interrupting him, "I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, Sir. My mind is made up on that subject—I look upon the whole Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies—and your J— C— to be nothing more than a cunning knave, and an impostor."

Fath. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine with a lowering countenance ordered him instantly to be silent—and to trouble him no more. "I have told you already, Sir, that I wish to hear nothing more from you."

"The Bible, Sir," said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, "is a sacred and divine Book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours—pens which have made, at least, some show of argument, and . . . . "

"Your Bible," returned Paine, "contains nothing but Fables, yes, Fables, Sir, and I have proved it to a demonstration."

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time, he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of that God whom he had so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him! Seeing that Father

Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing which came from him—nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have; I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures."—"I will allow nothing, Sir," he hastily replied, "I shall make no confession." "Well, Sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a Being—and I will demonstrate from his very nature that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say;—I see your object, Gentlemen, is to trouble me;—I wish you to leave the room." This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone — so much so as to foam at the mouth. "Mr. Paine," I continued, "I assure you, our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly; because, it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come; for, we never obtrude them on any individual." Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had hitherto used, he replied: "You can do me no good now — It is too late. I have tried different Physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My Physicians have, indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me," said I immediately to him, "we are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints—we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against his Son." Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury — he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. He ordered us peremptorily to leave the room, and to leave it instantly. "Begone," says he, "and trouble me no more. I was in peace," he continued, "till you came."—"We know better than that," replied F. Kohlmann,—"we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace to the wicked. God has said it." "Away with you and your God too —leave the room instantly," he exclaimed, — "all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had but a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor J— C—." "Monster," exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time. Your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account which you have already to render—and implore pardon of your God—provoke no longer his just indignation upon your

guilty head." Paine here again ordered us to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God;—further words are lost upon him."

Upon this, we withdrew both, from the room, and left the unfortunate wretch to his own thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and true account of the transaction. You are welcome to make what use of it you please. It is the first time I have ever taken a minute of it, although I have always had it in my mind to do so. I have sketched it now only, because I see from your letter, that there is an immediate necessity for it, to remove the foul aspersion which has been attempted, in Europe, to be cast upon the character of F. Kohlmann, for whom I have the highest respect and esteem,—and shall ever have on account of his many virtues, and his eminent and distinguished piety. His life with us was uniformly edifying, and I sincerely believe, it has continued to be so since his return to Europe; for, he never was a reed to be shaken by the wind, either here or any where else.

I remain y^r aff^te Brother

(Signed) ✠ BENEDICT, Bp. of Boston.

P. S. I have taken no copy of this letter. If you deem it worth preserving, have the goodness to take a Copy of it and keep it where I may, should I ever have occasion to do so, recur to it myself.

(Signed) ✠ B. Bp. B^a.

On a certain day in the year 1810. Father Kohlmann baptized a child, who had been carried by its father from Brooklyn to St. Peter's Church. That child was John McCloskey, destined to become the first American cardinal. Years afterward, when young Father McCloskey was a student of the Roman College, he selected Father Kohlmann for his confessor.

Whilst this zealous priest was working for the mental and moral improvement of the Catholics of New York, he was summoned, in 1813, as a witness in regard to property stolen from one Keating. Father Kohlmann, who had restored the goods to the owner through the confessional, respectfully refused to testify. At the request, however, of the trustees of St. Peter's Church, who desired that the case be legally settled once for all, he so well established the Catholic doctrine of the secrecy of the confessional, that the decision of the court was that a priest should not be compelled to testify in such a case.[1] Father Kohlmann afterwards pub-

[1] The principle of this decision was afterwards embodied in a statute: "No minister of the Gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall be allowed to disclose any confessions made to him, in his professional character,

lished, under the title of "The Catholic Question in America," the proceedings of the trial, with an appendix containing a clear exposition of the Church's teaching in regard to the sacrament of penance. It is distinguished for its methodical arrangement and solidity of argument, and is unquestionably the best vindication of the sacrament of penance that has ever appeared in English on this side of the Atlantic, and perhaps in Europe.[1]

About this time he introduced into the United States the Ursuline Sisters from the celebrated Blackrock Convent, at Cork, Ireland.

Not long after the arrival, on December 2, 1815, of Right Rev. John Connolly, second Bishop of New York, Father Kohlmann was recalled to Maryland, together with the faculty of the New York Literary Institution. The reason is thus given by Dr. Shea[2]: "Bishop Concanen had taken umbrage at the appointment of Father Kohlmann as vicar-general, and at the establishment of a Jesuit college. Bishop Connolly seems to have shared the same feelings, and to have disapproved generally of the management of the diocese by Father Kohlmann as administrator. The organization of the diocese was, however, the work of Fr. Kohlmann as vicar-general and administrator."

On arriving at Georgetown College, he received his appointment to Whitemarsh, Md., as master of novices. When he heard that his friend Archbishop Carroll was dying, he hastened to Baltimore and was in time to receive the prelate's last blessing, on Dec. 3, 1815. Another Jesuit, Father John Grassi, was there also, at the archbishop's request, to administer unto him the last consolations of religion.

On September 10, 1817, Fr. Kohlmann became superior of the Maryland Mission, rector of Georgetown College, and professor of dogmatic theology. He held these offices until August 15, 1820, when, in addition to the office of superior of the mission, he was named rector of the Washington Seminary, a house of studies opened that year in the city of Washington. Here he also taught dogmatic theology to the following theologians: third year—Virgil Horace Barber, Stephen Larigaudelle Dubuisson, Germanus Sannen; second year—Joseph Schneller, Peter Walsh; first year—Thomas Finegan, Jeremiah Keiley, Aloysius Mudd, and John Smith. The other members of the community were

in the course of discipline enjoined by the rules or practice of such denomination."—Rev. Stat. of the State of New York, Part III., ch. vii, art. 8, sec. 72: Passed as part of the Rev. Stat., Dec. 10, 1828.

[1] Catholic Almanac, 1856. [2] Life and Times of Abp. Carroll, p. 666.

Fr. Maximilian Rantzau, professor of moral theology, and Brs. James Fenwick, Patrick McLaughlin and Wm. Taylor.

Yielding to the entreaties of Very Rev. William Matthews and prominent citizens of Washington, Father Kohlmann consented to establish a classical school for day scholars in connection with the seminary. To do this he had to employ some of the theologians as teachers. The college was opened in September, 1821, and was the first college in the city of Washington; for, if we mistake not, it was founded some months prior to the beginning of the Columbian University. It was here that he wrote his learned work "Unitarianism: Philosophically and Theologically Considered," in refutation of Jared Sparks and other Unitarian ministers. The arguments for the Incarnation are so well stated that they are at this day frequently made use of by students of theology. This book was also esteemed worthy of being read for years in the refectory of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

When Father Kohlmann was rector of the seminary he became acquainted with Mrs. Ann Mattingly, sister of the Hon. Thomas Carbery, then mayor of the city of Washington. This lady had been suffering for seven years from a tumor or cancer, that subjected her to intense pain and reduced her to the point of death, when Father Kohlmann advised her to have recourse to the prayers of Prince Alexander de Hohenlohe. She accordingly began on March 1, 1824, a novena in honor of the name of Jesus, as the prince had recommended, and on March 10th, after the reception of Holy Communion, she was completely restored to health.

Directed by the ability and experience of Father Kohlmann, Gonzaga College soon became the leading school of Washington.

But he was destined for a more responsible office. Pope Leo XII., who had, in 1824, restored the Roman College to the Society of Jesus, summoned Father Kohlmann to Rome to fill the chair of theology. His term of five years in this position merited the praise of His Holiness, who placed his own library at his service, and who, it is said, intended to promote him to the cardinalate. On one occasion, when Cardinal Cullen, then a student of the propaganda, was publicly defending propositions of theology, Father Kohlmann's objections to the defender's theses elicited expressions of delight and satisfaction from the Holy Father. At another time, his examination of the acts of a council held in Transylvania was warmly praised by the Pope, who was impressed by the evidences of his profound learning and pleased with his promptness in executing a great labor. The present Pope, Leo XIII., was one of his pupils at the Roman College.

Later on, in the pontificate of Gregory XVI., he was promoted to the office of Qualificator of the Roman Inquisition. He was already a member of the Congregations of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and of Bishops and Regulars, and Consultor of the Inquisition. The last years of his life were spent at the Gesù, in constant labor for the salvation of souls. He was so devoted to the work of reconciling sinners to God, that death came near finding him at his post in the confessional. His zeal was rewarded by numbers of striking conversions. It was he who reconciled to God the Rev. Augustine Theiner, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who had wandered many years in doubt and error.

It is said that he was very easy in the confessional, never refusing absolution. In answer to a friend who asked him if he did not fear this accusation at the Judgment, he replied: "I have an answer ready. I will say that I acted as our Lord did in the case of the woman taken in adultery."

On April 10, 1836, fortified by the Holy Viaticum, he closed a life wholly dedicated to the service of his Master. Many pious persons begged the favor of something he had made use of during life. By none, however, was his memory held in higher benediction than by the lay-brothers of the Society of Jesus. And they had reason to remember him; for Father Kohlmann, though enjoying the esteem of popes and the friendship of cardinals, always showed a particular affection for the humble lay-brothers.

OPENING OF GONZAGA COLLEGE.

The opening of the College, on September 8, 1821, was announced in the *National Intelligencer*. The advertisement states that "the different classes will be superintended by appropriate teachers. The hours of attendance in the summer season will be from 7 A. M. to 12 M., and from 8 A. M. till 12 M. in winter, and at all seasons from 2 to 5 P. M." Just think of it, ye degenerate sons of studious sires! Your grandfathers were at school studying their lessons long before you think of rising from bed. One cannot help wondering what kind of boys they were. Yet we have no warrant for supposing that the boys of 1821, who spent eight hours in school, differed physically—perhaps they did mentally—from the boys of 1889, who spend only five hours at their books.

The boys who went to school on that first September morn of the seminary found the following officers in charge: Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, president, Fr. Max. Rantzau, vice-president, Mr. Jeremiah Keiley, teacher of first grammar

class, Mr. Jerome Mudd, teacher of second grammar, Mr. Peter Walsh, teacher of third grammar, Mr. James Neill, assistant teacher.

That those first students made good use of their eight hours a day is shown by an announcement of January 1, 1821, stating that "the course of studies will be extended to include all the classical authors, and also a full course of mathematics." But, in order, probably, to restrain their studious ardor, "in the future the boys will attend from 8:30 to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M." Mayhap this change was wrought by the efforts of some youthful agitator, whose prophetic spirit saw the agitation that was to come in favor of shorter hours of labor. History is silent on this point. Did the old annalist know that the present sketch was to be written, he might have been more explicit. He would then have added the reason for the following curious statement: "The students of the English department will pay the addition of $1 per quarter for fuel during the winter."

On July 27th—note this date, boys of 1889—"his honor, the mayor of Washington, politely consented to perform the ceremony of distributing the premiums." With the hope that some old boy still survives, whose joy on now reading his name may be as great as it was on that happy day in 1822, when he was awarded a premium, or merited honorable mention at the first commencement of Gonzaga College, we publish the following names of the "young gentlemen who gave proof of superior talent and application in the respective classes to which they belong:

First class—Premium for Greek and French, Master James Hoban; accesserunt, George W. Anderson, Noble Young, and Thomas Brent. Premium for Latin—Master George W. Anderson; accesserunt, James Hoban and Thomas Cutts.

Second class — Premium for Latin and Greek, Master Charles W. Chauncey; accesserunt, William Carr and John Boone. Premium for French—Master Chas. W. Chauncey; accesserunt, John Boone and Peter Chauncey.

Third Class—Premium for Latin and French, Master John Mattingly; accesserunt, Alex. Williams and Giles Dyer.

English Department—First class—Premium for English and French, Master Philip Masi; accessit, Augustus Fleury.

Second class—Premium for English and French, Master Alex. Hillman; accesserunt, Hugh A. Goldsborough and Overton Carr.

Third class—Premium for English Grammar, Master John Costigan; accesserunt, Charles Moss and James McCorkle.

Mathematics, Master James Hoban; accesserunt, Thomas Cutts, Edward Travis, and Chas. Chauncey.

Arithmetic, Philip Masi; accesserunt, Alex. Williams, Giles Dyer, and John Mattingly.

Geography, George W. Anderson; accesserunt, Thomas Cutts, James Hoban, and Philip Masi.

Premium for superior application during the past year, Master James Hoban."

This brilliant record of young James Hoban was, as every old Washingtonian knows, only a faint glimmer of his future illustrious career. It should be noted that these boys were subjected, on the day preceding the distribution of awards, to a public examination, in the presence of their parents and friends, from 8.30 A. M. to 12 M. The John Boone mentioned above was the father of Fr. Edward Boone, now of Philadelphia, sometime president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and in 1884 vice-president of Gonzaga College.

FR. ADAM MARSHALL.

The second president of Gonzaga College, Fr. Adam Marshall, was born at Conewago, Pa., on November 18, 1785. He entered the Society on the 10th of October, 1807. In his first year of noviceship he studied philosophy, which was followed probably by a three years' course in theology, some of which had to be made from 1809 to 1811 whilst he was teaching in the New York Literary Institution. He was ordained in Baltimore by Bishop Neale, on June 8, 1811. Immediately after his ordination, he was sent to Newtown, but had scarcely begun his labors there before he was recalled to New York. On the closing of the college in 1813, he was sent to St. Thomas' Manor. From thence he was removed in 1818 to his natal place, Conewago. We next find him, in the early part of the year 1820, as professor of mathematics at Georgetown College. On the 20th of August of this year, he was named procurator of the mission, and as such was stationed during the last year of his term at the Washington Seminary. On Father Kohlmann's retirement, he was appointed president of the seminary, at the beginning of the year 1824. Father Marshall is described by a student of that year as "a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman, fond of his books, and best known to the inmates of the college by his attention to the good order of the classes, and the diligence of the students."

The fathers and scholastics who assisted Father Marshall in the work of the schools were Fathers Jeremiah Keiley and John Smith; Messrs. Samuel Newton, Joseph Schneller, James Neale, and Edward McCarthy; and Brother Charles Strahan. The saintly Father Stephen Dubuisson, the assistant

pastor of St. Patrick's Church, who had resided in the seminary from its beginning, heard the confessions of the students and instructed them in Christian Doctrine.

On July 4, 1824, the students took part with the pupils of other schools, and with the local societies, in the *first civic procession* in the city of Washington. The *National Intelligencer*, in speaking of the celebration, says: "The procession would have been anywhere considered a handsome one, but being our first attempt at anything like a regular procession, was of remarkable length, and presented really an interesting and splendid appearance."

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

The boys also had the honor of forming an interesting feature of the demonstration in honor of Lafayette's visit to Washington on October 12, 1824. They were drawn up in line on each side of East Capitol street, and as the hero of Yorktown passed by them, he was pleased to notice the joyous welcome that beamed from their bright faces. The venerable Father Wm. F. Clarke, now professor of Evidences of Religion at the college, and his old schoolmate, Father James A. Ward, *Socius* to the Provincial, were in line with the boys, and remember perfectly the gracious smile of the great man.

Again, on October 14, 1824, they were invited to unite with the students of Georgetown College in their welcome to "the favorite boy of Washington's camp." They met the Georgetown boys on High street. The line of march was there formed, with Fr. Thos. C. Levins and Rev. Wm. Matthews leading, followed by Father Marshall and the professors of Gonzaga and Georgetown. On arriving at the college, Lafayette was received in the parlor by Father Francis Dzierozynsky, who, of course, wore cassock and beads. Then he was welcomed by the president of the college, Father Enoch Fenwick, by Father Marshall, and by the professors and students of Georgetown and Washington. Years afterward, Lafayette, alluding in a speech in the French Assembly to this visit, spoke in terms of high praise of the Jesuits.

This was probably Father Marshall's last appearance in public as president of the seminary. His health, never strong, began to fail so rapidly, that his physician ordered an ocean trip to the South of Europe. As two of Commodore Rodgers' sons were at this time students of the college, it needed little influence on the part of Father Marshall's superior to procure for him the position of instructor on board the United States vessel *North Carolina*. The first

entry in Father Marshall's journal of the trip is the following: "Dec. 1, 1824, Wednesday. — This day I left Washington, D. C., in the steamboat *Potomac* for Norfolk, to embark on board the *North Carolina*. Mr. George Ironsides, whose kindness and attention I have reason to remember with gratitude, accompanied me. My cousin, Jos. Marshall,[1] also came with me as far as St. Inigo's. We started from Washington, with Commodore Rodgers and several officers of the *North Carolina* on board, between 4 and 5 o'clock. Early next morning we landed my cousin near Mr. Smith's, and soon got into the Bay."

And so Father Marshall continued to record the daily happenings on board the vessel, and to give interesting descriptions of places visited, till August 10, 1825, when the journal suddenly stops. What happened after that we have learned through the kindness of the officials in charge of the naval records, who allowed us to inspect the old log book of the *North Carolina*. In it we find the following entry: "United States ship *North Carolina*, September 20, 1825. Commodore Chas. W. Morgan, U. S. N., commanding, bearing the flag of Commodore John Rodgers, U. S. N. At 4 A. M. the Rev. Adam Marshall (schoolmaster) departed this life. At 10 A. M. called all hands to bury the dead, and committed the body of the Rev. Adam Marshall to the deep." The vessel was then in the Mediterranean Sea, on a passage from the Gulf of Napoli to Gibraltar.

An officer of this ship, in a letter dated October 14, 1825, announcing the deaths of Midshipmen Pleasonton and Hopkins, who were natives of Washington, gives the following brief but touching tribute to the memory of Father Marshall: "It is with the greatest sorrow I have also to announce to you the death of Mr. Marshall (the chaplain), who died on our passage from Napoli di Romania. His death was sincerely regretted by all the officers of this ship, and particularly by the midshipmen, to whom he was a severe loss." Commodore John Rodgers, writing from Gibraltar, October 22, 1825, to the secretary of the navy, adds: "The service has lost Mr. Adam Marshall, the schoolmaster of this ship, whose exemplary deportment had gained him the esteem of all who knew him."

Thus died a priest of God whose anointed hands had often borne to others the Holy Viaticum to cheer the dark moments of their passage from this world to the next, but whose own last journey was uncheered by any priestly function and uncomforted by any religious rite.

(*To be continued.*)

[1] A coadjutor brother of the Society.

CANADA.

JESUITS VS. ORANGEMEN.

(*Continued.*)

The reader may recollect the excitement which preceded the vote on the O'Brien anti-Jesuit resolutions, in the parliament at Ottawa, on the twenty-sixth of March last. Though at the last moment the Orange element felt that it would be beaten in the Commons, still Col. O'Brien and his supporters never dreamed of the crushing defeat that awaited them. One hundred and eighty-eight members voted against the resolutions, thirteen for them, leaving a majority of one hundred and seventy-five to console the Jesuits and their friends. The Society felt that it had been avenged for the abuse it had to bear during the previous weeks. The victory was the most eloquent answer that could be given to the faction who proclaimed aloud that the Jesuits were not popular in Canada, and that civil war would be declared the day the settlement of the estates question was attempted.

But it would be well to add that it was not out of pure love for the Jesuits that so many members of parliament voted in their favor. Even Hon. Mr. Mercier did not admit that they had any legal claim to the estates, but only a moral claim; and under ordinary circumstances a moral claim was not sufficient to capture the Protestant vote. A better reason is given for Sir John A. Macdonald's victory in this, that there was a principle at stake. Provincial autonomy had to be recognized, if the provinces were to remain confederate. The famous majority simply declared that Quebec could manage her own affairs. But it so happened that the Jesuit question forced this declaration out of a number of Protestants, and not a few Catholics, who, under other circumstances, would certainly not have sided with the government nor with the Jesuits. Indirectly, however, the vote confirmed the Society in the ownership of its restored property.

When the bulletins published the result of the debate, the Orangemen throughout the country threw up their hands in despair; Canada and her Queen and her loyal Orange-

men were doomed; the Jesuits had the French parliament in their power. If the Orangemen were sincere in their apprehension of danger they would have prepared themselves for the inevitable halter. But their conduct belied their profession of fear. They flourished their trumpets more loudly than ever, and began to make heroes out of the thirteen members who had voted against the Jesuits. The noble thirteen saw their portraits in the newspapers. They were presented with medals commemorative of their vote, felicitated on every side, and better still, banqueted, until at last they began to think that it paid well to vote on the wrong side.

It was highly interesting to read the Orange newspapers during the few days following the debate. They deliberately divided the whole population of Canada into two categories; all who saw things in their light were patriots; all who did not were traitors. Nine hundred and sixteen thousand voters, represented by the one hundred and eighty-eight members, had deliberately sold their country to the Jesuits. Consequently, the only loyalists in Canada were the seventy-seven thousand represented by the noble thirteen—the "d—l's thirteen," to use Sir John A. Macdonald's forcible expression.

Besides these encouraging statistics, a source of consolation offered itself in the interviews the Protestant ministers granted the reporters on the result of the vote. Several of these gentlemen were very prudent in their views, and looked at the question impartially, remarking that they were inclined to uphold the prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, in his statement that the Jesuits were a peaceable set and that the people of Ontario had nothing to fear from them; that no surprise should be manifested at the Pope's interference in Catholic affairs; that, on the contrary, it was the Orangemen of Ontario who did not see fit to "mind their own business." The Rev. Mr. Herridge, a Protestant minister of Ottawa, remarked that "these frantic demonstrations did not affect the thoughtful Protestants of the community, who simply desired for themselves what they were most willing to accord to others, equal status in the eye of the law, and equal measure of religious liberty." A professor of McGill University, Dr. Shaw, sent a letter to tell the Orangemen how ridiculous they were making themselves in the eyes of their fellow Protestants. These were the sentiments of the respectable portion of the Protestant population; but the majority, alas! saw in the silent encroachment of Jesuitism, a menace to the crown of Great Britain. The most efficacious remedy that suggested itself to the

sects was the formation of a party whose object would be to foster and propagate black Protestant principles. This project of a third party met with much favor during the few days following its proposal; but its impracticability soon became so manifest that it vanished like a bubble.

Anti-Jesuit demonstrations, however, were organized throughout Canada, but chiefly in the province of Ontario. During the months of April, May, and June, orators were sent out to educate the country on the Jesuits. Ontario lent willing ears to their eloquence. The Rev. John Morton lectured in London on "The Dangers of Jesuitism to our National Life;" Rev. Jos. Cook, in Toronto, on "Jesuit Aggression in America;" Rev. Mr. Watts, in Hamilton, on "The Jesuit Conspiracy;" Rev. Geo. Williams, in Toronto, on "The Jesuit Question in Canada—Danger and Duty;" Rev. Mr. Hunter, in Barrie, on "Jesuits—Politicians and Patriots;" Rev. Mr. Sutherland, in Ripley, on "Protestant Rights vs. Jesuit Aggression;" Hughes, in Toronto, on "The Perils of Protestantism;" Miss Cusack, in the same city, on "Jesuit Aggression." The Toronto papers, speaking of the ex-nun of Kenmare's reception, tell us that she "was greeted by a large and appreciative audience." In her opening remarks, she addressed herself to any Catholics who might be present. Having worked in their church for thirteen years, they might be sure she did not leave it without sufficient reason. She had been in doubt for four or five years as to the course she should pursue before she finally came to the conclusion that she should leave the Roman Catholic Church and identify herself with the Protestant . . . . In beginning to deal with the subject of the evening, she wished it to be distinctly understood that she attacked the principles of the Jesuits and not the Jesuits themselves. She had known many good men among them and also many very bad ones . . . . She admitted that many of the Jesuits are doing what they think is right, and obeying what they consider to be the law of God; nevertheless their system of religion is diabolical. Their object is to control the world politically. Wherever they have prospered, the Church has invariably suffered; for, as far as in them lies, they ruin it. They are very selfish and avaricious; and in Canada at present there are a number of Jesuits who are millionaires . . . . As regards the Jesuit oaths and vows, that are so often and so much talked about, they are very slippery things. Another peculiarity of the Jesuits is that they want to do all the thinking for other people, while at the same time they claim to be perfectly passive, and as if dead in the hands of their superiors. The infalli-

bility they claim has many charms; for it makes a pleasant pillow for the Roman Catholics to sleep on. The Jesuits are very popular as confessors, as they are never hard on those who go to them. Their code of morals is lax, and they excuse or extenuate many faults. Wherever the Jesuits go, their watchword is not "All hail the power of Jesus' name," but "All hail the power of the Jesuits," etc.

Miss Cusack continued in this strain for nearly two hours, interrupted frequently by the applause of her "large and appreciative audience." Her lecture is a good specimen of the anti-Jesuit literature current just now in Canada. The *Monita Secreta*, with translation, published in Boston, is selling well in Montreal and Toronto; Paul Bert is already sold out.

Some idea of the magnitude of the agitation may be formed when it is stated that anti-Jesuit meetings were held in one hundred and sixty towns and cities previous to June 11th, the date fixed for the opening of the anti-Jesuit convention in Toronto. Speeches were made at each of these meetings, and resolutions were passed against the Society, her maxims, and her Estates Bill. These demonstrations afforded splendid opportunities for springing maiden speeches on the public, and the rising generation of politicians were not slow in coming forward. One of the arguments which found favor with the Orange speakers was drawn from the fact that the Society had been driven out of nearly every Catholic country and finally suppressed by the Pope. If Catholics could not put up with the Jesuits, how were Orangemen expected to do so? Another sly oratorical trick was to put the question: "If one infallible pope suppressed the Jesuit Order, how could another pope restore it and remain infallible?" This was a conundrum for the Orangemen; and the deafening applause which followed proved that the speaker had scored a point.

But these isolated ebullitions of Orange zeal were not very effective. They helped to keep alive a few sparks of local fanaticism, but, taken separately, they would have little influence against the Compensation Bill, the root of all the trouble. The Orangemen were not slow in seeing that a great deal of their enthusiasm was wasting itself on the desert air, and that a more combined mode of action was required. If any success was expected, they had to centralize their movements by the creation of an organization, which would direct their united efforts towards a common end. Several meetings were held in Ontario, with this object in view, and it was decided that a monster anti-Jesuit

convention should take place in Toronto on June 11th and following days.

A very favorable moment was chosen to get a representative crowd together; the Anglican Synod, the Methodist Conference, and the Presbyterian Assembly were holding their sessions in Toronto at the time. Laymen were sent from the different provinces to take part in the deliberations. Eight hundred and sixty delegates presented themselves, to protest against an act which, in the language of the Protestant Bishop Sullivan, "outraged the social, civil, and religious sensibilities of more than half the population of the dominion."

Fully realizing the importance of their obligations as Protestants and patriots, the delegates worked with a will. They concentrated all their energies on a double object, namely, the veto of the Estates Bill, and secondly, the best means to resist Ultramontanism in general and Jesuitism in particular. Perfect harmony reigned in the deliberations, if we except the little indecision which was manifested at the beginning, regarding the name to be given to the association which the convention was to bring forth. Several names were suggested, which are in themselves a revelation, and give us an insight into the tone of the whole assembly. The Constitutional Association, the Young Canada Party, the Fair Play and Equal Rights Association, the British Constitution Association, the Anti-Jesuit Association, the Protestant Association, the Constitutional Observance, Religious Liberty, and Equal Rights Association, the British Canadian International Equal Rights Association, were names suggested and rejected after discussion, and the name "Equal Rights Association," plain and simple, carried the day. Equal rights, in the sense of the convention, referred to the absolute equality which the government should observe towards all religious denominations; but as the case stood, and as later events proved, "Unequal Rights and Ultra-Fanatical Association" was the fitter title for the offspring of the anti-Jesuit convention.

The convention lasted two days, and, according to the newspapers, was "eminently successful from the point of view of its promoters," namely, opposition to Jesuitical encroachment. Authority was given to establish branch associations throughout Canada, whereby work in the good cause might be extended as much as possible; and by-laws without end were drawn up to guide the faction in its future defensive action.

The Orange speakers solemnly disclaimed any antagonism to the Catholic Church; and to show their sincerity they

were continually bringing forward the distinguishing marks of Jesuitism. Jesuitism was a something really distinct from Romanism. They frankly admitted that Romanists were all of a color; but the color admitted of light and heavy shades. It was a question of degree. Ultramontanism was already an advanced form of Romanism; but Jesuitism was the quintessence of Ultramontanism. Orangemen could join fellowship with ordinary Romanists; through necessity they could tolerate Ultramontanism; but Jesuits, like the American Chinamen, must go. During all the deliberations, Jesuitism and its "manœuvres" were ostensibly the sole object of Orange wrath; but the lodges' subsequent action, in the matter of the French Canadian separate schools in Ontario, and the French language in Manitoba, left no room to doubt that Jesuitism in their sense had a wide scope. They pledged themselves to enforce the aims of the anti-Jesuit movement at the polls by refusing their votes to any candidate, whether for the federal or provincial parliament, who would not adopt the programme of the new association. These pledges were aimed at Sir John A. Macdonald as well as at the Catholics; but the sly old Orangeman was all the while laughing in his sleeve at the antics of his excited brethren.

The Equal Rights Association, duly organized, started out on its mission of peace. One of its first duties was to establish branches in the cities and villages, and continue the agitation against Jesuitism; the next, to get up a petition which, by its magnitude, would frighten the powers that be into sudden acquiescence to disallowance.

Up to this, petitions had not been successful. The Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion of Canada, relying on the prestige of an honorable name, had decided, some weeks previous to events just narrated, to penetrate to headquarters. It issued an address to the Protestants of Canada, asking them to join it in petitioning Her Majesty the Queen to interpose in the matter of the Jesuit Estates Act. The following short petition was distributed for signatures throughout the country:—

"*To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty:—*

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—The petition of the undersigned inhabitants of N. ., in the province of N. ., humbly sheweth: That your petitioners, being loyal subjects of Your Majesty, jealous of all that may infringe upon your royal rights and prerogatives, as well as determined to maintain their own liberties as established by law, do now approach Your Majesty, as the highest authority in the Empire, in support of the pleadings and prayer of a petition in refer-

ence to the Quebec Jesuits' Estates Act of 1888, which has been laid at the foot of the throne by the representatives of the Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion of Canada. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc."

The "foot of the throne" was the land of promise for the Orange fanatics. Approaching the "foot of the throne" meant simply transferring the Estates Bill from the arena of Canadian politics to that of British politics, with less chances of success. Still it was comforting to loyal hearts to know that appeal was possible. A long document, of which the petition just read is a summary, crossed the ocean, and reached the foot of the throne. But the Orangemen were too sanguine and impatient of success. The secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Knutsford, through his secretary, did not delay in sending the following reply:—

COLONIAL OFFICES, DOWNING STREET,
London, Eng., March, 1889.

Sir; I am directed by Lord Knutsford to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 11th inst., forwarding a memorial from the committee of the Protestant Alliance, urging the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act of the Province of Quebec. In reply I am to state that His Lordship has carefully considered the memorial, but that the allowance or disallowance of the Act of the Provincial Legislature of the Dominion of Canada is a matter which rests entirely with the Governor-General, acting on the advice of his responsible ministers. A copy of the memorial has been forwarded to Lord Stanley of Preston for the consideration of his government.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN BRAMSTON.

The Home authorities had spoken, leaving the case, as every one expected, with the governor-general and his advisers. Consequently, any future decision of Lord Stanley would have the same weight as if it came directly from the "foot of the throne."

The position was not reassuring. The entire government, both political parties, with the exception of the "loyal thirteen," had ratified the Estates Act; the governor-general had not disapproved of the action of the government; and the authorities in London, through the colonial secretary, had signified their intention not to interfere.

Parchment, it seemed, was having little effect. The Equal Rights Association, however, in its mission of loyalty, could hardly do anything better than follow in the footsteps of its

more respectable sister, the Protestant Alliance. But suspecting that the numerous petitions already gotten up had reached the governor-general only to pass into the yawning gulf of His Excellency's waste-basket, the association resolved to make another tremendous effort. It would present a petition to which all other petitions, past, present, or future, were to be as pigmies; a deputation would present said petition to Her Majesty's representative in Canada, and humbly ask him to nullify the obnoxious Jesuit Estates Bill. This was carrying out to the letter the programme of the Toronto convention. Agents had already been at work for weeks obtaining signatures, and through their efforts, sixty thousand had been gathered in. This was a document formidable enough for present wants, and the time had come to act.

Lord Stanley was staying at the citadel in Quebec during the first days of August, and it was resolved to see him there. Rarely did an opportunity so favorable present itself of resenting Romish aggression in a Romish stronghold. A deputation, made up of eleven Protestant parsons and forty other members of the Equal Rights Association, headed by Principal Caven of Knox College, Toronto, steamed down the St. Lawrence on the 6th of August, on their way to Quebec. When they reached the old city, they were ushered into the large hall of the vice-regal residence. A good-sized box was ushered in with them and given a prominent position. An inquisitive reporter was not long in finding out that the box held the anti-Jesuit petition, a roll of paper four hundred and eighty feet long, bearing fifty-one thousand signatures. A smaller roll, lying in childlike repose beside the big roll at the bottom of the box, bore nine thousand signatures. The latter had been obtained in Montreal, to show the governor-general how pronounced anti-Jesuit feeling was in the Rome of America. Unfortunately the deputation had reckoned without its host.

Shortly after they had taken their places in the large hall, Lord Stanley presented himself and received them kindly. He took the precaution to say to them that he was not exactly in the position of a minister receiving a deputation, but seeing that his own opinion was asked respecting the Estates Bill, he did not object in the present instance to follow a similar course. He trusted, however, to the delegates' sense of courtesy, not to be asked to express any opinion that would tend to draw him into argument.

Rev. Principal Caven then arose to present the anti-Jesuit petition, with its anti-Jesuit tail four hundred and eighty feet long. This he did in the following words:—

"We are charged with the duty of presenting to Your

Excellency the petition of a convention held in Toronto on the 11th and 12th of June, the prayer of which is that Your Excellency will be pleased to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act, passed by the legislature of the province of Quebec last year. The petition was unanimously adopted by the convention, an assembly which represented municipalities and various bodies of men in every section of Ontario. The names of the members in actual attendance, amounting to 860, are appended. We are entrusted with the further duty of presenting petitions to the same effect from nearly every part of the province of Ontario, subscribed to by upwards of 51,000 persons qualified to exercise the dominion franchise, as well as a few petitions from other provinces, which have been forwarded. We ask permission to say a few words in support of the prayer of the petitioners. We would represent to Your Excellency the strong and widely diffused opposition to this act, which exists throughout Ontario, and, as we have reason to know, in other provinces of the dominion. No act of any of our legislatures in recent years has aroused so much feeling, and called forth from all classes of people such general condemnation. The petitions which we present will, we trust, satisfy Your Excellency that the vote of the House of Commons, in opposition to disallowance, by no means represents the sentiment of the country. The feeling to which we refer is not caused by any antagonism to the French Canadian people, or any desire to lay disabilities upon the church to which they generally belong. To foment racial or ecclesiastical antipathies were utterly unworthy of good citizens, and we desire to assure Your Excellency that the prevalent feeling is rather one of deep regret that a measure so eminently fitted to cause discord in the dominion and in the province of Quebec should have been enacted by the legislature of that province. We are quite aware that legislation of the provinces should not be unnecessarily interfered with by the dominion, and that there may therefore be objections, even serious objections, to provincial acts, which would not constitute adequate ground for seeking their disallowance. In our petition we have sought briefly to summarize the reasons why we respectfully ask Your Excellency to disallow this act. This act does more than deal with fiscal matters; it bestows public money for denominational purposes, a thing which is in opposition to our history, if not to express enactment, and which we had hoped was terminated in Canada by the secularization of the clergy reserves. It endows a society whose standing and history make it utterly improper that it should become a public beneficiary. It is regarded

by many as a violation of the trust under which the Jesuits' estates were accepted by the province of Quebec from the imperial authorities, and, above all, it recognizes the right of the Pope to interfere in our civil affairs in a way which is derogatory to the supremacy of the Queen and menacing to the liberties of the people. The place given to the Pope in the act is peculiarly offensive to the great majority of the people of Canada, and is a painful shock to the feelings of loyalty which our people so warmly entertain. We have no wish to interfere with the spiritual allegiance of Roman Catholics to their church, but we strongly remonstrate against any church being allowed authority in civil affairs. To say that the Pope is introduced merely as arbitrator between parties in his own church seems to us entirely inconsistent with the language of the preamble, to which preamble the terms of the bill give effect. So far as the form of the act is concerned, we should be willing to rest our case on this consideration alone, and we humbly but earnestly pray that Your Excellency will be pleased to disallow an act in which Quebec has exceeded its authority, which is contrary to the interests of the dominion, and which dishonors the prerogative and sovereign rights of Her Majesty."

The petition referred to, Principal Caven read as follows:—

"*To His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, Baron Stanley of Preston, G. C. B., Governor General of Canada.*

"The petition of the undersigned electors entitled to vote for members of the House of Commons humbly sheweth:

"1. That an act was lately passed by the legislature of the province of Quebec, entitled an act respecting the settlement of the Jesuits' estates;

"2. That the said act recognizes a right on the part of the Pope to interfere in the administration of the civil affairs of Canada, which is derogatory to the supremacy of the Queen and menacing to the liberties of the people;

"3. That it places $400,000 of public funds at the disposal of the Pope for ecclesiastical and sectarian purposes, as is further evidenced by the papal brief which apportions these funds, an appropriation of public money contrary to the spirit of British and Canadian legislation and subversive of the religious equality which ought to exist;

"4. That it, in effect, recognizes the right of the Jesuits to make further demands, by embodying in the preamble a declaration, nowhere questioned in the act, of the treatment which the Jesuit Society expects in the future at the hands of the government of Quebec, viz., that the establishments of the Jesuit Fathers in this province are always allowed, in

accordance with their deserts, and if they ask for it, to participate in the grants which the government of this province allows to other institutions, to encourage teaching, education, industries, arts, and colonization;

"5. That the Jesuit Society has been expelled from nearly all Roman Catholic countries, was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV., has been, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, an illegal association, the establishment of which (in the opinion of the Soliciter General of England, given in 1772) "is not only incompatible with the constitution of an English province, but with every possible form of civil government;"

"6. That the act endows and recognizes the legal status of this society, whose operations are confined to no single province;

"7. We respectfully submit that, for the reasons herein set forth, the act, so far from dealing with matters of provincial concern merely, is one which affects the peace and well-being of the whole dominion;

"8. The undersigned approach Your Excellency by way of petition, because they believe that the majority of the House of Commons, in voting against the disallowance, did not represent the real views and wishes of their constituents, and there is no other way in which the minds of the people can be represented to Your Excellency;

"9. Never, to your petitioners' knowledge, has a case arisen in which there existed stronger reasons for invoking the power of disallowance.

"Your petitioners therefore pray: (1) that the Act for the Settlement of the Jesuits' Estates be disallowed; or (2) that Your Excellency do exercise your prerogative right of dissolving the House, so as to enable the constituencies to pronounce on the question at the earliest possible moment. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc."

After the reading of the petition, an Orangeman raised the lid of the box and began to display the sixty-thousand signatures. The movement was dramatic; but it had no effect on the governor-general. He remained perfectly cool, and simply asked if any member present wished to make further remarks. Several rose in turn, but their speeches contained nothing new. Lord Stanley then answered the deputation, in language that the fifty-one Orange fanatics can never forget. We give his speech in full. It has created quite a sensation, and has helped to raise the governor-general high in the esteem of the right-minded people of Canada.

"Gentlemen, I am not used to receiving such deputations as this, and in such a way, but, in view of the importance of the subject, I am willing to create a precedent. At the

same time, it is one which I do not think should be too often followed. There is a considerable difficulty in receiving such a deputation as this, and in speaking, not to lay one's self open to a charge of arguing for or against measures in which the deputation are interested; but with the sanction of my advisers I am disposed to let the deputation know what has been the aspect of the case as it has presented itself to me. I have listened with a great deal of interest to the remarks of the gentlemen who have spoken just now, and I trust it will not be considered any disrespect to those who have so ably stated their views if I express neither concurrence with nor disapproval of their remarks, lest I should drift into what might be considered as argument, however unintentionally.

"Previous to my arrival in this country, or about that time, the legislature of Quebec had passed the act in question. The history of the Jesuits' estates is so well known that I need not here refer to it in detail. Large amounts of property had lain virtually idle, because, when the provincial government had endeavored to sell it, protests had been made by the claimants and, in fact, no one would purchase on so doubtful a title. I cannot agree with the view expressed in the second paragraph of your petition. There were two sets of claimants at least to the Jesuits' estates. It was necessary to arrange to whom compensation should be made, and ensure a division which would be accepted by all. It is true that the Pope, as an authority recognized by both sets of claimants, was to be called upon to approve or disapprove the proposed division, as far as Roman Catholic claimants were concerned, but this appears to me to relate not to the action of the legislature of the province, but to the division of the funds after they had been paid over. It is arguable that, as a matter of fact, there is no reference to the Pope's authority at all in the executive portion of the act. It is undoubtedly the case that the preamble to the act—an unusually long one, by the way—contains a recital of events which led to the introduction of the bill, and that in the correspondence so set out, authority had been claimed on behalf of the Holy See, to which, however, the First Minister did not assent. The introduction of the name of the Pope may be unusual and very likely unpalatable to some, as Protestants, but as it appears in course of a recital of facts which had previously occurred, and which, of course, legislation could not obliterate or annul, and there being, moreover, no such reference in the body of the act, I did not consider that Her Majesty's authority was in any degree weakened or assailed, nor that I was compelled, in the exer-

cise of my duty as her representative, to disallow the act on that account.

"As to the question of policy, that is not one on which I feel at liberty to pronounce an opinion. I believe, and am confirmed in my belief by the best authorities whom I can consult, that the act was *intra vires*. Then my power of interference is limited, for the act does not appear to do more than to seek to restore to a certain society, not in kind but in money, a portion of the property of which that society was in years gone by deprived without compensation; and it proposes to give a compensation therefor in the money of the province which had become possessed of the property and was profiting by it. As to the recognition, spoken of in paragraph 4 of your petition, of the rights of the Jesuit Society to make further demands, it seems to me that these acts leave such so-called 'rights' exactly where they were. It is by no means uncommon for the Crown to recognize such a moral claim. And I can speak from my personal experience. When I was Secretary of the Treasury, ten or twelve years ago, it constantly happened that, in cases of intestary escheats and other forfeitures to the Crown, the moral claim of other persons was admitted, and remissions were made, not as a matter of legal right, for the right of the Crown was undisputed, but as a matter of grace. There are also many parliamentary precedents to the same effect. Such cases must in each instance, it seems to me, be decided on their own merits. As to paragraphs 5 and 6, also mentioned in your petition, you will pardon my saying that I am not concerned either to admit or deny your statement. But, as a matter of fact, I do not find any evidence that in this dominion, and in this nineteenth century, the Society of Jesus have been less law-abiding or less loyal citizens than any others. As to paragraph 6, it appears to me that the legal status of the Society was settled by the act of 1887 (to which little or no objection was taken). I cannot see anything unconstitutional, in that respect, in the payment of the money in question to a society duly incorporated by law. The governor-general, both by the written law, and by the spirit of the constitution, is to be guided by the advice of his responsible ministers. If he disagrees with them on questions of high policy as being contrary to the interests of Her Majesty's empire, or if he believes that they do not represent the feelings of parliament, it is constitutionally his duty to summon other advisers, if he is satisfied that those so summoned can carry on the Queen's government and the affairs of the dominion. As to the first, I cannot say that I disagree with the course which, under

the circumstances, the ministers have recommended, believing it, from the best authorities to which I have had access, to be constitutional. The parliament of the dominion, by 188 to 13, has expressed the same view. I decline to go behind recorded votes.

"Members of parliament are elected not as the delegates but as the representatives of the people, and it is their duty to guide themselves according to that which they believe to be in the best interests of the high function which they have to discharge. Again, I would ask, do the dissentients represent the majority? I find that 188 represented 916,717 voters, whereas the thirteen members represent 77,297; and moreover the body of the constitutional opposition appears to have voted for the approval of the allowance bill. I have been asked (though not by you) to disallow the act, though otherwise advised by ministers and though contrary to the sense of parliament. Would it be constitutional for a moment that I should do so? If it were a question of commerce, or of finance, or of reform, or of constitution, there could be no doubt, and I cannot conceal for a moment the doubt which I feel. However careful the governor-general may be in receiving such a deputation, there may be some risk of his being held up as a court of appeal on the question of constitutional government, and against the parliament with which it is his duty to work in concert. Then it has been said, why not facilitate a reference to the Privy Council? I believe that my advisers have a perfectly good answer, that, having no doubt of the correctness of their view, they have a good reason for not so doing.

"I have been asked to dissolve the House of Commons, in one of the petitions to which I am replying. A dissolution of parliament, in the first instance, except under the gravest circumstances, and perhaps with great reservation even then, should not be pronounced except on the advice of responsible ministers. It causes a disturbance of the various businesses of the country. The expense both to the country and to all concerned is considerable; and it is a remedy that should be exercised only in the last resort; and, though I say it, I do so with great deference to those present, excepting in the province of Ontario and this province of Quebec, there does not seem to have been any general feeling in this matter such as would warrant the governor-general to use this remedy. I recognize the influence of the two provinces, but I cannot leave the rest of the dominion out of sight; and I may express the personal hope that this parliament may exercise for some time to

come a wise, constitutional influence over the affairs of this country.

"I think my answer has been made substantially to the other petitions which have been presented to me. For the reasons which I have given, I am unable to hold out to you any hope that I shall disallow the act. You cannot suppose that the course taken by my advisers, and approved by me, was taken without due consideration. Nothing has taken place to alter the views then entertained, nor could the government recommend the reversal of an allowance already intimated.

"Gentlemen, I cannot conceal from you the personal regret with which I feel myself addressing a deputation and returning such an answer, as it has been my duty to do, to the petitions which have been presented to me, but I have endeavored to make my statement colorless. I have endeavored to avoid argument, and I can only hope that I have done something towards dissipating alarm. I will only close by making an earnest appeal, an appeal which, by anticipation, has already, I am certain, found weight with you, and that is that in this question we should as far as possible act up to that which we find to be for the welfare of the dominion.

"During late years we have hoped that animosities which unfortunately prevailed in former years had disappeared, and that the dominion, as a united country, was on the path of prosperity and peace. I earnestly call upon all the best friends of the dominion, as far as possible, while holding their own opinions, to be tolerant of those of others, and like our great neighbor, to live and let live, that we may in time come to feel that we have the one object of promoting the prosperity and welfare of the dominion and the maintenance of loyalty and devotion to the sovereign."

When the governor concluded his speech he retired, leaving fifty-one long faces and four hundred and eighty feet of petition behind him. The disappointment at this turn of affairs rather upset the delegates. But they had not reason enough to be downcast. They had asked the governor-general to give his opinion on the Compensation Bill, and he gave it. True, the matter and form did not correspond with their wishes, but they could not reasonably blame Lord Stanley for that. Though disappointed and sore of heart, they did not lose courage. The Queen had to be protected against Jesuitism, and the British Constitution kept intact. They adjourned to the St. Louis Hotel, and passed resolutions, first, of surprise and sorrow at the unhappy attitude taken by the representative of Her Majesty

in Canada; secondly, to continue the anti-Jesuit agitation with renewed vigor.

But the Orange campaign is doomed. Lord Stanley sounded its death-knell in his vigorous and independent speech. A few feeble attempts, in the form of indignation meetings, were held in Montreal and elsewhere, to rouse stagnant patriotism, but they were failures. Nothing remains now to the Orangemen, said a Protestant clergyman of Toronto, but the "alternative of making their wishes known by force and insurrection." The *Mail* suggests a revision of the constitution.

Another event, of little importance, but given here because it was a side-issue of the campaign against the Society, was the passage at arms between Father Whelan, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, and Dr. J. Beaufort Hurlbert, a Protestant professor of the same city. Last March, when the agitation was at a white heat, letters began to appear in the Canadian papers renewing the old string of calumnies: that the Society held as a maxim that "the end justifies the means," etc. Father Whelan publicly offered five hundred dollars to any one who could prove the assertion. The following is the text of his challenge:—

"Five hundred dollars will be paid by me to any one who shall produce a *bona fide* passage that will convict the Jesuits, or any Jesuit, or any approved Catholic theologian, of teaching the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means,' as that maxim is vulgarly understood—i. e., 'that it is lawful to do evil that good may come.' There is not going to be any back-down on our part. Let us have an independent tribunal by all means. What have the anti-Jesuits to say to this proposal:—A commission of inquiry, to be composed, say, of five members; we to select two competent moral theologians; the other side to appoint two representatives; these four to choose the fifth member of the commission. Let a day be fixed for the opening of the inquiry; and let it be agreed, that all passages to be cited from Jesuit authors, or other approved Catholic casuists, shall be filed with the commission at least thirty days before the inquiry begins; two copies of each passage or extract to be supplied, with the title and the edition of the work, as well as the page from which it is said to be taken. I shall abide by the report of the commission, and shall pay five hundred dollars, as promised, to the claimant, should the decision be adverse to me. If a court of inquiry, constituted as proposed, be not satisfactory to the anti-Jesuits, then let them suggest a tribunal. We are not afraid of the issue; and a course of Catholic ethics would do those people much good . . ."

The gauntlet was taken up by several Protestant ministers, who dropped it again like a hot coal when they discovered that Canon Littledale's encyclopedic lore proved nothing. It remained for a certain Dr. Hurlbert to accept the challenge in downright earnest. Hurlbert is a graduate of a German university. He professed to be well up in Jesuit casuistry, quoted Jesuit authors with a volubility wondrous to behold, and proved to his own satisfaction, in a dozen letters to the press, that with the Jesuits the end justifies the means.

When Father Whelan had at last met a serious adversary, he made arrangements to carry out his programme. At his request, Rev. Fr. Superior named two of Ours, FF. Jones and Doherty, to represent the Society. Dr. Hurlbert was invited to provide two representatives for himself. This gentleman named Dr. MacVicar, Principal of the Montreal Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and Prof. Scrimger of the same institution. The four commissioners had to meet somewhere to choose the fifth member of the commission. St. Mary's College was the place selected. Dr. Hurlbert would then bring forward his texts from Jesuit authors, the commission of inquiry would discuss them, and decide for or against the Society. There was no difficulty about the way the four members already named would vote. But as the casting vote remained with the fifth man yet to be chosen, it is manifest what a white-winged angel he was required to be in the eyes of either party, in view of the interests each had to defend; pride and fear of a humiliation urging Hurlbert's representatives to propose an arbiter who could not be otherwise than favorable to them; the reputation of the Society and Father Whelan's five hundred dollars preventing FF. Jones and Doherty from making any reckless risks in the choice of the fifth member.

Through some misunderstanding, the commission did not come together till Aug. 29. The Montreal *Gazette* of the 30th gave the following account of the meeting. We publish it the more readily as the reporters came to receive their inspiration at the right source.

"The meeting for the appointment of a fifth arbitrator, in connection with the challenge of Father Whelan of Ottawa, to any one to prove that the Jesuits held the doctrine that the end justifies the means, which was accepted by Dr. J. Beaufort Hurlbert, was held at St. Mary's College yesterday morning. Rev. Principal MacVicar and Rev. Prof. Scrimger appeared for Dr. Hurlbert, and Rev. Fathers Jones, S. J. and Doherty, S. J. for Father Whelan. Neither Dr. Hurlbert

nor Father Whelan was present at the conference. After some pleasant and complimentary remarks on both sides, the two Protestant arbitrators brought up the name of Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, who, they stated, was a professor in metaphysics and ethics at McGill University, a Doctor of Laws at the Glasgow University, an author of high repute, and a man of calm and impartial judgment, who had not committed himself in any way in connection with the anti-Jesuit agitation. Prof. Scrimger added to this that he had asked Dr. Murray to allow his name to be brought up, but had not discussed the matter with him in any way. The Jesuit Fathers replied to this that, though they had no personal objection to the gentleman, they could not accept him because they wanted an expert and one familiar with their technical language. Rev. Dr. MacVicar stated that he thought Prof. Murray possessed the necessary qualifications, but the Jesuit Fathers gave them a choice of a professor of moral theology in Laval University or the Sulpician seminary or in any faculty of moral theology in America or Europe. To this the Protestant gentlemen objected, because such a man, who naturally would take the position of the Roman Catholic Church upon a matter of this kind, could hardly be expected to use entirely independent judgment. 'If that is the case,' replied the Jesuit Fathers, 'the same arguments can be used on our part. How can we expect a Protestant minister to be any more independent?' They also asked why they did not submit the same proposition as themselves, and allow them to take any Protestant, as they were allowed to take any Catholic. The Protestant arbitrators replied to this that there was no parity between the two cases; that Catholics were all bound to defend each other, and that any Catholic theologian would look upon it as defending the Church, and consequently he would not be free. The Jesuits replied that, at least, that was an answer to the statement of the Evangelical Alliance, that the Jesuit teaching was different from the general teaching of the Catholic Church. The Jesuit Fathers also made a proposal that the four arbitrators should act, that each should make a report, and these reports could be published under one cover. The answer to this was that that would not be an authentic report. It was apparent, therefore, that under the circumstances no agreement could be reached, and after assuring them that they would aid them as much as was in their power, should it be possible to settle the matter in some other way, the Jesuit Fathers invited their visitors to take a look through the college building. Rev. Father Jones

accompanied them down stairs, and there met Dr. Hurlbert, with whom he shook hands very cordially, expressing regret that he had not been through the building. The visitors then departed.

"Dr. Hurlbert stated that he expected this result, and that the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to publish the proofs he had gathered, so that they could be spread broadcast. Should he do so they will no doubt be answered by the Jesuit Fathers."

This reliable but incomplete account of the meeting convicts of wilful misrepresentation the writers of the press telegrams which were circulated throughout the country, declaring that our fathers had refused to accept as arbiter any one but a theologian of the Society. If Dr. Hurlbert publishes his "proofs," steps will be taken immediately to refute them.

These are the latest developments in the Orange campaign against the Society. Our fathers have remained comparatively quiet, being convinced that when the Orangemen have got back their common sense—if that happy event ever takes place—they will be heartily ashamed of themselves. Letters signed or suggested by Ours appeared now and then in the newspapers, to set aright some point or other; but nothing of any length in the way of justification was called for. Besides, logic would be wasted on the granite skulls of Orangemen. Still, Fr. Drummond had the uncommonly pleasant duty, in a public lecture in Ottawa, of demolishing the arguments of a certain Rev. J. J. Roy, a Baptist Minister of Winnipeg. This minister belongs to a family of French Canadian apostates, which fact Fr. Drummond introduced into his lecture, much to the disgust of the minister, who has not been heard from since.

One happy phase of the anti-Jesuit agitation was that, notwithstanding the vehement and threatening language almost continually employed by the Orange leaders, there was no attempt at physical violence. The only incident that might be put under this heading took place at a small town called Plum Creek, in Manitoba. Fr. Drummond had been invited there by leading citizens, to lecture on the Jesuits. A crowd of vulgar roughs had decided that he should not lecture; and to show how very much in earnest they were, they unceremoniously threw our Bro. George Brown down a flight of stairs, spraining his ankle and doing other slight damages to his person. Fortunately, Fr. Drummond was in a different part of the building, and fared better; but he did not lecture.

The libel suit against the Toronto *Mail* has been post-

poned by the courts till this autumn. If anything happens during the trial worth the recording, the reader shall have the benefit in a future number of the LETTERS.

E. J. D.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(*Continued.*)

After the blowing up of the school-house, in the spring of 1854, the Protestants feared reprisals would be taken by the Catholics. The better disposed Protestants, hoping to avert a general uprising of the persecuted Catholics, determined to call a public meeting to denounce the outrage. The issue of this well-meant but unsuccessful project is thus related by a Protestant citizen of Ellsworth, a great admirer of Fr. Bapst:—

"It was thought well to call a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the outrage, and assuring our Catholic fellow-townspeople that the burning of their school was the act of ignorant bigots, and that all respectable Protestants held such conduct in abhorrence. Half a dozen of us went to see Mr. Whittaker, who was then chairman of the Town Selectmen, to have the meeting called. Mr. Whittaker, being a Democrat, was with us. The meeting was called for the 8th of July, 1854. When we went to the place, we found that the Know-nothing element had gathered in large force and taken possession. It was our intention to have Mr. Whittaker preside, but we saw we were outnumbered four to one, and, knowing we could effect nothing, we left. Besides, if we had remained, it might be claimed that we, by our presence, countenanced whatever action might be taken. The meeting was organized by the election of George W. Brown as chairman. Speeches, prompted and dictated by a spirit of persecution, were made and cheered to the echo. The meeting then passed resolutions of which I have just received a certified copy, taken from the town records by Mr. Edward E. Brady, the present town clerk.

"*Extract from the Ellsworth Town-Records Touching the Case of John Bapst, S. J.*

July 8th, 1854.

"Moved by George W. Madox:—That if John Bapst, S. J. be found again on Ellsworth soil we will provide for him, and try on an entire suit of new clothes such as cannot be found at the shops of any taylor (sic), and that when thus apparelled he be presented with a free ticket to leave Ellsworth upon the first railroad operation that may go into effect.

"Voted, that the resolutions adopted at this meeting be published in the Ellsworth *Herald* and *Eastern Freeman.*

"Voted, that we now adjourn *sine die.*

W. A. Chany, Town Clerk.

"The reading of the resolutions was received with shouts of applause, and they were adopted without a dissenting voice or vote, as the Democrats and Liberal Republicans had all left when they saw how things were likely to go."

The outcome of these hostile proceedings is thus described by the same writer:—

"Fr. Bapst, not believing that they would put their threat into execution, went to Ellsworth on Saturday evening, October 14, 1854, to be on hand to attend to his religious duties next morning. He stopped at the house of an Irish Catholic named Kent. When darkness had set in, the house was surrounded by a mob, who demanded the production of the objectionable priest. A trap-door in Mr. Kent's house led down to the cellar, and Mr. Kent, after much urging, induced Fr. Bapst to descend, and hide in the cellar, expecting the mob would go away when they could not find him. Mr. Kent opened the door, and told them that Father Bapst was not there. 'We know he is, and we must have him,' yelled the mob. Mr. Kent invited them to look all over the house, but they persisted in the statement that he was secreted in the house, as some of them had seen him enter. Mr. Kent tried to persuade them to go away. 'If you don't produce him we will burn down your house, and roast him alive,' the mob howled.

"They were proceeding to carry out the threat to burn down the house, when Father Bapst, not wishing to see his protector suffer, pushed up the trap-door, and ascended from the cellar. He still hoped that the instincts of humanity would prevail in them over the spirit of bigotry; that they would be open to reason and justice, and would disperse to

their homes. But he misjudged the spirit that controlled the mob. With a yell they rushed upon him, dragged him out of the house and up the road. They placed him upon a sharp rail, and thus carried him along, yelling, hooting, and cursing him. The men carrying the rail jogged him up and down, so as to inflict more pain and injury.

"Coming to a lonely place outside of the town they took his watch and money and his clothes, stripping him naked. They then dragged him into a wood, as I afterwards learned, and tied him to a tree. They piled brush around him, and some of the ruffians tried to set it on fire. They would most likely have burned him to death had not their supply of matches given out before they could set fire to the brush.

"I was sitting in my house during all this time, unaware of all that was going on. A rap came to the door; I opened it, and a neighbor told me that a mob had seized Father Bapst, and carried him off into the woods. I could not believe it, but I started out, and on the hill outside the town met my brother and the sheriff coming in. They had gone out to look for the mob, and try to save the priest. They encountered the mob, who flung stones intending to break the lantern which the sheriff carried. The sheriff was a man of courage, and told the roughs that if they did not desist, he would empty the contents of his pistol among them. This had the desired effect; the crowd passed on, but the search-party were unable to find Father Bapst among them. This, I suppose, was only part of the mob, the other part having the unfortunate man in the woods at the time. We ascended the hill, and searched for his body, believing they had killed him.

"It appears that after they released him from the tree, where, covered with tar and feathers, they had attempted to roast him alive, they dragged him back to the town, and told him to get out that night, threatening to kill him if he attempted to say Mass next day. When we got back I learned that Fr. Bapst was at Mr. Kent's residence. I went there and asked to see him; I was at first denied admittance, but was afterwards permitted to enter the room in which he was. There stood Father Bapst covered with tar and feathers, and exhausted by his inhuman treatment. He was surrounded by a few male friends, who were endeavoring to cleanse him with soap and warm water. He extended his hand to me. It was a trying moment. The priest said that fortunately he had escaped a more terrible fate, which his abductors had in store for him, through the pleadings of

two or three of the marauders. As I stood there, and saw the poor priest's hair and eyebrows shaved off, for it was impossible to get the tar out otherwise, I vowed that I should fight fanaticism until I died.

"Father Bapst preached next day in his church, for although of a very mild disposition, he had the heart of a lion in the cause of duty. That Sunday we feared the mob would gather again. The Hon. Charles Jarvis, one of the leading Protestants of the town, took the father to his home, protected him all night, and drove him to Bangor in his carriage next day. I saw him get into the carriage, and shook hands with him when he was driven away.

"The respectable people of Bangor were as much incensed at the outrage as we were at Ellsworth. We resolved to punish the ruffians, and got Hon. George Evans, then Attorney General of the State, previously U. S. Senator, to come to Ellsworth to present the case to the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury, however, were all Know-nothings, and refused to find indictments, although the evidence was most conclusive. Mr. Evans was so indignant and disgusted with the Grand Jury that he said that he would not sleep a night in the town if he got a present of all the State. Late as it was he insisted on shaking the dust of Ellsworth from his feet.

"These facts I know to be accurately stated, as I was a resident of Ellsworth at the time of the outrage, and had been for thirty-six years. It was my birth-place, and I knew all the facts, and who were the perpetrators of that atrocious act. And it is with shame I am forced to say that, instead of 'Orangemen from New Brunswick,' as a recent writer has asserted, they were our own citizens; and I am sorry to say that many who claimed to be our best citizens were the ringleaders. I knew every man in town, and less than a dozen were Irish Protestants; and of these not one had anything to do with it. At that time, as it is now, Ellsworth was one of the most flourishing towns in eastern Maine, with a population of over 4000. The people were educated and refined, with two score of professional men—ministers, lawyers, and doctors. We were largely engaged in ship building, and not a single man in our employ was from the British provinces. I knew Father Bapst well; he was an educated and cultured Christian gentleman."[1]

[1] This report of the outrage is confirmed by the Bangor *Mercury* of Oct. 17 and 18, 1854, in its notices of the event; a copy of which is preserved in the Woodstock Historical Collection.

Thus writes this Protestant friend of Fr. Bapst, who under the *nom de plume* of "Lumberman" furnished these reminiscences, in September 1884, to the Portland *Argus*.

It has been thought by some, that Fr. Bapst might have averted the painful incidents enacted at Ellsworth, had he but exercised more foresight, and acted with more prudence, not preaching so boldly, and not venturing to visit Ellsworth after the issue of the town ukase against him. To such as these, the following testimony of the same Protestant gentleman will be sufficient answer:—

"He was the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. He had a very fine, imposing presence, was thoroughly educated and refined, and a true Christian in every sense. He was in his views liberal, in his tolerations large. He was the last man you could think of who would provoke the outrage inflicted upon him. Were he narrow-minded, bigoted, ill-bred, and of a quarrelsome disposition, the excuse might be presented that he drew it upon himself. But he was directly the opposite, and possessed the esteem and respect of all the liberal-minded and respectable Protestants of the whole district in which he served."

Fr. Bapst's subsequent career in Boston, where he was the friend of the poor no less than of the rich, no less beloved by Protestants than by Catholics, is of itself a sufficient eulogy of his admirable tact, born not of worldly policy, but of Christian prudence, vivified by charity divine.

After the perpetration of this outrage, Fr. Bapst never again ministered to the wants of the Ellsworth Catholics, his place being filled by other fathers dwelling with him at Bangor. Among those who visited Ellsworth every two weeks to say Mass, etc., was Fr. Eugene Vetromile who afterwards left the Society.

On Fr. Bapst's return to Bangor he was received by the people of that city, both Protestants and Catholics, with the greatest sympathy. Loud were the denunciations of the Ellsworth rowdies. Good came out of evil. Fr. Bapst's influence with all classes in Bangor was from that time most powerful. Sympathy had begot admiration; admiration, love; and the sway of love brought to the faith many who had before been indifferent, or hostile to the Church.

The Protestants of Bangor called a public meeting at which Fr. Bapst was invited to be present. The place of honor on the platform was assigned him. The meeting was attended by the most prominent Protestants of Bangor, who came in large numbers, and who greeted Fr. Bapst's appearance on the stage with hearty and prolonged applause. Resolutions were read, denouncing the outrage, lauding

Fr. Bapst's admirable patience during the trial, his Christian forbearance after it, his courageous zeal in performing his sacred duties despite the dire warnings to leave the town, expressing the sympathy of the whole Protestant community, and declaring that his high integrity and untiring zeal were a source of blessings to the city of which he was so honored a resident. In closing this expression of their sentiments, the framers of the resolutions begged leave to present a fitting testimonial of his acknowledged worth, and also, thereby, to make reparation for their State of Maine for the cowardly pilfering that had intensified the baseness of the unprovoked attack upon him. The chairman, amid deafening applause, then presented Fr. Bapst with a well filled purse and a very handsome gold watch, to replace the silver timepiece stolen from him by some of the Ellsworth mob. On the cover of the watch was engraved the following inscription :—

TO REV. JOHN BAPST, S. J.
FROM THE CITIZENS OF BANGOR, MAINE,
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR HIGH ESTEEM.

Fr. Bapst, greatly moved by this unexpected testimony of goodwill, found difficulty in making a suitable response. In feeling tones that greatly touched his hearers, moving some even to tears, the heroic father thanked them for their sympathy, and expressed his pleasure at having been made the recipient of such a beautiful testimony of their esteem. He said that he would ever prize it, not as a gift of which he had shown himself worthy—for he had only done what every true Christian should do in discharging his duty to his Divine Master—but as a token of the goodwill of those who fully appreciated the fact that he was in their midst to better the moral condition of that section of the great republic, not to turn with serpent-like treachery against the generous and warm-hearted nation that had sheltered a poor exile who had been refused a home in his native clime.

Very Rev. Father General Beckx, when informed of the gift bestowed upon Fr. Bapst, and of the circumstances that led to its bestowal, deemed it wise to waive the usual custom of the Society that forbids its members to bear about their persons costly gold watches, and ordered Fr. Bapst to retain the gift for his daily use. Fr. Bapst, who had been at first averse to such a disposition of the gift, submitted with true obedience to the will of his superior. He used the watch till about two years before his death, when it was consigned to the care of his superiors.

An amusing incident touching this noted timepiece is thus related by a devoted friend of Fr. Bapst.[1] "In 1881 Fr. Bapst's mental faculties began to fail. I expressed to his superiors my great desire to procure for the dear father a change of scene and air, hoping thus to avert the impending calamity. His superiors kindly consenting to my plan, I started with Fr. Bapst on a trip to Bangor, as he had expressed a longing to revisit the scene of his former labors. While there Fr. Bapst's watch got out of order, and he gave it to me to take to a watch-maker's. Going out into the city to fulfil my mission, I stopped at the first jewelry store I met, and handed the watch for inspection to the gentleman in attendance. He opened the cover, and then gave a start, glancing at me with eyes betokening suspicion of my honesty. Then he abruptly asked me, 'Where did you get this watch, sir?' My first impulse was to take to flight. I felt thoroughly guilty. The jeweller had evidently read the inscription on the case, and had come to suspect my possession of the watch. I tried to explain, and the jeweller, apparently only half satisfied, related to me the cause of his interest in the timepiece. He had himself made the watch for the committee of the people of Bangor who had been appointed to make the presentation to Fr. Bapst. The repairs were soon effected, and I hastened back to the dear father to tell him of my adventure. He laughed heartily at the plight to which my service in his behalf had reduced me."[2]

It is said by those who have a right to be believed that all those who had anything to do with the outrage upon Father Bapst either came to an untimely end or met with some temporal calamity. Certain it is that the town of Ellsworth suffered a long disgrace.

"Two years after the outrage" writes a devoted friend of Fr. Bapst, "Henry Ward Beecher refused to lecture there, because he would not visit a place where such an outrage had been committed. Wendell Phillips also refused, though he was going to Bangor. But I persuaded Mr. Phillips to consent. I have no doubt it would now be more difficult

[1] Col. Daniel Lamson of Weston, Mass., a convert to the faith, and Provost-Marshal at Alexandria, Virginia, during the last war. To Col. Lamson the compiler of this sketch is indebted for valuable assistance in its preparation.

[2] Another narrative of the Ellsworth outrage, covering also some of the previous troubles already recorded, was sent us by the compiler; but as the present sketch is already running beyond the purpose of the LETTERS we are forced to omit it. This document as well as others collected and copied with great pains by the compiler, and omitted or curtailed for the same reason, will be preserved for future reference in the Woodstock Historical Collection. —ED.

to stir up a riot in Ellsworth than in almost any other city of Maine."

Fr. Bapst took possession of the church at Bangor in June 1854, by direction of the Bishop of Boston. This step was necessary both because of the suspension of the former pastor of Bangor, a secular priest, and because of the danger to Fr. Bapst's life in Ellsworth, that seemed imminent in the beginning of the excitement in that town. As already recorded in this sketch, Fr. Bapst had long desired this parish, considering it the only centre for the outlying missions. He found the congregation already planning the erection of a new church, and he threw himself with great ardor into the work. The first church at Bangor, erected before Fr. Bapst's arrival, and used by the congregation for some time after his coming, has since disappeared; but the residence adjoining the church, occupied by him and Fr. Ciampi, is still standing. Thither more than fifty years ago came the venerable Br. John Farrell, from an outlying district, to perform his Easter duties. This church and residence were in an outside section of the town, two far away from the bulk of the Catholic population, who were coming in and settling along the river.

Fr. Bapst's predecessor in Bangor had bought a lot of land for a new church in the most fashionable part of the town. The church they had occupied up to that time was small, a mere chapel, and in a little place off Court St. The land was valuable, being in a fine part of the town, but the situation was too confined. The priest who bought this new lot took counsel with some of the principal Catholics, among them Mr. Boyce and Mr. Wall, both tailors, and Fr. Bapst said that he had been considerably influenced by them in the matter.

The people living about the new lot, all Protestants, were greatly displeased at having the church there. Their objection was that the greater part of the Catholic population were rude people, who would lounge about their fine streets and houses, smoking etc., and would monopolize the side-walks on Sundays and holy days. The side-walk question was serious; for the streets were frequently muddy, and there were only a few planks there to keep the passer-by out of the mud. They offered, therefore, to buy the lot at a high price, and wished the church to be built somewhere else. To this proposition the former priest, influenced by his council, refused to accede. But when Fr. Bapst went there he immediately entertained the proposal. He saw no reason for irritating a large number of influential people, or of placing a Catholic church in a part of the city where no

Catholics lived. He sold the lot, and bought another on York St., a respectable locality, near a street entirely inhabited by Catholics, and containing a cottage where he could live. The new church was built close to this cottage, and thus the priests were able to reach the church without difficulty.

The council were very angry, and thought they had a right to a vote in the matter. They aired their grievance to such a disagreeable extent that Fr. Bapst gave them a stirring address one Sunday. "What do you, a lot of tailors and grocers, know of church affairs?" he asked, and I am afraid the dear father stamped at them. The opposition had been most malignant in tone, and required heroic treatment. The malcontents became mute. He built the church, and everybody was pleased, even the doughty council owning at last that he had acted for the best.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. John the Evangelist was laid by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, assisted by the Bishop elect of Portland, Rt. Rev. David Becon, on the day of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1854.

The church was ready for divine service before the end of the next year. It is situated in the north-east part of Bangor, a few squares from the Penobscot, above the bridge. It is in a commanding position, and, as the steeple is the highest in the town, the beautiful gilt cross dominates the whole neighborhood, and is the most conspicuous object from the environs. It is a beautiful monument to Fr. Bapst's zeal—his crowning work in Maine. It is built of brick, and the ground rapidly sloping from the street to the river made a basement easy of construction and even necessary. It is to-day substantially as Fr. Bapst planned and built it, but of course many improvements have been made. It has been surrounded by asphalt walks, frescoed in fine style, and now they are gradually putting in stained-glass windows. These are to represent the mysteries of the Rosary and the chief events in the life of our Lord. They are of the richest and most costly description, and will surpass anything of the kind in the State. They are from Innsbruck, and of special designs. Seven were in place last August. The church is of generous proportions, for the time in which it was built; it is easy to preach in, and is filled with a pious congregation. The present pastor, Rev. Edward McSweeney, a graduate of Holy Cross College, has done much to complete the work begun by Fr. Bapst.[1]

[1] This account of Fr. Bapst's Bangor church is due to the kindness of Fr. Edward I. Devitt, who gave a retreat in Bangor, in August 1888.

Father Bapst continued his residence in Bangor until the autumn of 1859. After the advent of the new bishop many objections were made to the occupancy of one of the finest parishes in the State by the Jesuits. It had been handed over to our fathers in an emergency, and the concession was now regretted. It was proposed that Father Bapst give up Bangor and bestow his labors upon the various small stations throughout Maine. But this proposition was rejected both by Fr. Villiger, the Provincial at that time, and by Fr. Bapst. As well expect to maintain an arch without its keystone, as the various missions in Maine without their natural centre, Bangor, whence alone the fathers were able to obtain the resources wherewith to carry on the poor, outlying stations. The outcome of the controversy was that the fathers of the Society were withdrawn from Maine in September 1859.

Father Bapst's memory is still held in deep veneration by the people of Bangor, Catholic and Protestant alike. The good he effected in that city is incalculable. He was regarded as the Apostle of that region, infusing a new spirit into the Catholics, raising their tone, causing their religion to become an object of respect to the Protestants, and gathering into the true fold a large number of the sectarians. His success in Bangor was assured quite as much by the outrage perpetrated on him in Ellsworth as by his own virtues.

In September 1859, he bade a last farewell to his dear flock at Bangor. The Catholics, young and old, together with a large number of the leading Protestant citizens, acted as his escort to the depot. All the Catholics felt that they were losing a beloved father, and the Protestants appreciated the fact that Bangor was being deprived of a public benefactor.

From September 1859, till August 1860, Fr. Bapst was stationed at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, filling the office of spiritual father. He was thus enabled to enjoy a comparative rest after his arduous labors of twelve years on the missions of Maine. As he had given edification when superior, and when far removed from community life, he gave no less as a subject, and in the observance of every rule proper to common life. Indeed, the loss of the spiritual advantages of the community life was his greatest cross while on the missions.

In the autumn of 1860, the scholasticate for the students of the Society of Jesus in the U. S. was opened in Boston College. This college had been recently built by Father John McElroy, then in his eightieth year, but still hale and

vigorous. Fr. Bapst, whose qualities of mind and heart eminently fitted him for the rectorship of a scholasticate, was in September 1860 installed as rector of the new house of studies.

Some idea of his first impression of the scholasticate may be formed from the following extracts from letters written at the time to his friend Fr. Billet, then rector of the college at Brussels.

BOSTON COLLEGE, Corner of Harrison Ave. and
Concord St., Boston, Mass., U. S. of America,
Oct. 10, 1860.

Reverend and very dear Father,

P. C.

There you are in the capital of Belgium, and here I am in the capital of Massachusetts, the modern Athens of the New World. You, a rector of a great college, and I, the rector of a great scholasticate! Who would have thought of such things coming to pass, when only sixteen years ago we were companions in the professorship of Latin and Greek in the college of St. Michael, under Fr. Amon, as superior, with Fr. Giraud and the amiable Fr. Delanne as confreres? . . . . . .

Now, after twelve years of missionary labor, I am once again in the full enjoyment of the solitude, silence, and recollection of a religious house. What a change! To pass suddenly from the turmoil of a missionary life to the life of retirement of a scholasticate! . . . . My great happiness at present is to be able peacefully to share the repose, the tranquillity, and all the other advantages of community life with dear Fr. Duverney and the other fathers and brothers, who recall to my mind the fathers and brothers of Fribourg. The scholasticate which has just been established here at Boston by a Father Visitor (Fr. Sopranis) is intended to be a common house of studies for all the provinces of the Society in North America. The *ratio studiorum* and the other rules and constitutions are to be followed in all their fulness. The number of our scholastics already reaches fifty; they come from all parts of the United States, from Canada, and from as distant a place as California; and all the modern languages are in use among them. They have entered upon their studies with great ardor, and we have reason to entertain the hope of seeing in a few years an army of apostolic men depart from Boston, who, full of the spirit of St. Ignatius, will establish in the New World, on the ruins of Protestantism and infidelity, the kingdom of Jesus Christ . . . .

Your very devoted brother in J. C.,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

BOSTON COLLEGE, March 3, 1861.

Reverend and very dear Father Billet,

P. C.

. . . . . You would like to know, doubtless, what I am doing here. I have a community of 67 persons: 13 priests, 46 scholastics, and 8 coadjutor brothers. I am engaged in teaching the class of moral theology, which, as you know, is my forte. Your old friend, Fr. Duverney, teaches dogmatic theology, ecclesiastical history, and Hebrew. You know full well what a scholasticate is. I have nothing to tell you in this matter except that our scholastics, *although Americans*, are as good, as studious, as pious, as are yours in Europe. To-morrow and the day after we will have the disputations for the theologians and philosophers. We have no externs or seminarians; they are all Jesuits.

Next Sunday, our church will be dedicated. It is, beyond all dispute, the most beautiful church not only in Boston but in the whole State of Massachusetts. The cost of the church and college will amount to half a million of dollars. You can form no idea of the beauty of these two buildings.

Last Sunday and the Sunday before, we had a sacred concert in the church building, given (do not be scandalized) by Protestant artists; and we made fifteen hundred dollars for the church fund. These artists would accept no remuneration for their services.

To-morrow Lincoln, the new President of the United States, will be installed in office at Washington. You are aware, I suppose, that we are just at this moment resting upon a volcano; that the Southern States are about to separate themselves from the Northern, and that the Union will probably be dissolved. They expect some great disturbances at Washington to-morrow. It is very likely a civil war will ensue. And then, what is going to become of us? God alone knows. What is certain is that there is very little prejudice against Catholics here, and that we have no persecution to apprehend. We are much more free and in enjoyment of a greater peace here than you are in Europe. Pray for

Your very devoted friend and brother in Xt.,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated Sunday, October 14, with the greatest solemnity, by Bishop John Fitzpatrick of Boston, Archbishop Hughes of New York preaching in the morning, and Bishop McCloskey of Albany in the evening. The music on the occasion was superb and the ceremonies most impressive, over fifty Jesuits besides many bishops and parish priests participating in them. This day inaugurated a religious revival in church matters in Boston. Fr. Bapst's reputation and his personal worth, together with the beauty of the ceremonies at the

church, attracted crowds of Protestants every Sunday, and numerous conversions were the result. Indeed, so many converts were instructed and baptized by Fr. Bapst personally, that it would be hard to estimate the number. It is a familiar expression in Boston: "He, or she, is a convert of Fr. Bapst's."

The scholastics were delighted with Father Bapst as a superior, and found him possessed of a father's heart ever ready to respond to every outpouring of interior trouble, by advice at once consoling and practicable. And they in turn afforded Fr. Bapst much consolation. Their modesty while passing along the street was such that even Protestants used to comment on it when visiting Fr. Bapst. Every one in Boston recognized "the students," as they were called, their every movement was watched, and it was noticed that they kept their eyes modestly lowered when walking in the city. Crowds were accustomed to gather outside the college on Sunday afternoons to hear the singing during the community Benediction.

In the summer of 1863, it was decided to transfer the scholasticate to Georgetown, the progress of the war rendering communication with Boston very difficult. Fr. Bapst remained in Boston as pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, and when, in September 1864, Boston College was opened for day-scholars, he became the vice-rector of the *collegium inchoatum*. His mind, however, was preoccupied with the financial difficulties of the church, which at one time were so embarrassing, owing to the fact that the church had no parish assigned to it, that it was thought it would have to be given up to the bishop to be converted into a parish church. The care of the college then devolved upon Fr. Robert Fulton, who was possessed of Fr. Bapst's confidence to such a degree that everything pertaining to the school was left to his direction. Fr. Fulton began with only twenty-five students, but his prudence and courageous perseverance soon raised Boston College to a high position. Fr. Bapst, by his unwavering confidence and kindly advice seconded Fr. Fulton in everything.

Next Fr. Bapst set to work, with an abiding trust in God, to devise a means whereby the church debt might be gradually paid off. When he became pastor, the debt was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, resting on the church alone; the college had been freed from all debt by the munificence of the people of St. Mary's Church, Boston, of which Fr. McElroy had been pastor. The interest on the church debt was nine thousand, and the

revenue only six thousand, the times being very "hard" on account of the war.

The following account of the manner in which Fr. Bapst proceeded to rid the church of its load of debt is given by the chairman of the committee of six who nobly co-operated with Fr. Bapst in his great task.[1]

"My associations with Fr. Bapst were chiefly of a financial character; and in this connection he always exhibited remarkable good sense, for one who had had so little experience in this direction. I was always struck by the singular faculty he possessed of surrounding himself with the right men, and of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm in the prosecution of any special project.

"When appointed to the position of pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, he called a meeting of the members of the congregation, and presented to them a statement of the condition of affairs, with an appeal for their aid. The result of this meeting was that Mr. Andrew Carney made the generous proposition to give the munificent sum of twenty thousand dollars, provided an equal amount should be raised by the congregation. This proposition at once excited the emulation of all, and in the course of a few weeks Fr. Bapst, with the assistance of a few members of the congregation, succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to the amount of about ten thousand dollars. Meanwhile it was found that other means must be resorted to for the purpose of obtaining the sum required under the proposition of Mr. Carney, and it was decided to hold a fair in the Music Hall of Boston. This was opened on the 5th of April, 1864, with the brilliant result of swelling the required fund to twenty-seven thousand dollars. Up to that time, this was by far the most successful church fair ever held in Boston. On the 4th of April, Mr. Carney died suddenly, but, by his will, he had bequeathed to the church of the Immaculate Conception securities which amounted in value to about twenty-five thousand dollars. Thus, within a few months from the beginning of his pastorship, Fr. Bapst had collected sixty-two thousand dollars towards the liquidation of the debt. In 1867, a second most successful fair was held in the Boston Music Hall, resulting in a net profit of about twenty-eight thousand dollars, which sum, added to the previous collections, left Fr. Bapst in a very comfortable financial condition for the remainder of his administration."

[1] Mr. Joseph A. Laforme of Boston.

Another friend of Fr. Bapst, Mr. Hugh Carey of Boston, after relating at some length how Fr. Bapst succeeded in decreasing the church debt, thus gives us an idea of his methods:—

"He would set to work at a plan like an old diplomat. Very often he would send for Mr. Laforme, Mr. McLaughlin, and myself, bidding us call on a certain evening at the college. 'Now gentlemen,' he would say, 'you understand business affairs better than I do; please take the whole affair into your own hands, and I will help you all I can.' Of course, in a plan whose execution was left to us with such entire confidence, we could not help but feel a personal interest, and we spared no effort, you may be sure, to crown it with success. Herein I think is found the secret of Fr. Bapst's wonderful power of interesting all his colaborers in his every plan for the glory of God and the good of souls—he made those who labored with him feel that he had entire confidence in them. At one of our meetings in his room, when we could not agree on some matter which he had proposed, he walked over to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. 'Now gentleman,' he said, 'when you decide about this matter you can go home, and not before.' You may be sure we were not slow in coming to an agreement after that."

It must not be imagined that during this period Fr. Bapst was so engrossed with financial affairs as to grow slack in works of zeal. He had a wonderful talent for attending to one line of duty, without neglecting in the least another which might seemingly be little congruous in nature with the first. His motto, A. M. D. G., spiritualized all his actions, so that all were in perfect harmony—all bore the spirit upward. Writing of the zeal for souls and great charity that characterized every period of his life, one of his life-long friends says: "What was most striking in Fr. Bapst was his capacity for labor. It was almost literally true that, except the necessary deduction of time given by rule to sleep and recreation, he was always engaged in works of zeal. He had no other taste to gratify. I once persuaded him to go on a trip to Lake Winnipiseogee, but he came back on the third day, utterly tired of his vacation. His charity was supreme. I think there never was face more expressive of benignity, and his heart did not belie his face. His temper was equable, his manner extremely cordial. Forgetful of his own personality and his own interests, he labored for the advancement of others."

During his stay in Boston Fr. Bapst was in constant demand to give retreats to religious and the clergy. Besides

this he was ever faithful and punctual in attending to the penitents who flocked to him in great crowds, especially on Friday and Saturday.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Ninth Letter.*)

BATTERY SCOTT, NEAR FORT PICKENS,
SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.
Dec. 15, 1861.

TO DANIEL HASSEN.

My dear Dan,

I have just finished hearing the confessions of the poor soldiers stationed in this battery, which is erected on the extreme point of land nearest to the enemy's works, and which is therefore a set target for the Southern guns. Indeed it has always been obliged to bear the brunt of every engagement. It is considered an advanced redoubt of Pickens, or a protection to it.

As there is talk of another bombardment, I thought it my duty to give the brave soldiers in charge of this dangerous post an opportunity of settling their consciences at leisure—in the hurry of an attack such work is done rather superficially. The captain in command, a Protestant, very kindly gave me the use of his own tent as a chapel while I should be in the battery, and the Catholic soldiers required no pressing to go to confession.

Even at this late date of the year, the heat is as oppressive as it was last June. Though we are not entirely within the torrid zone, we notice scarcely any change in the length of the day. The sun rises and sets now about the same time as in the beginning of July. We are tanned as brown as Indians. So much do the men feel the scorching rays, that when off duty, or on fatigue duty, they lay aside their uniform, and array themselves in what they term "Texan rig"—shirt and drawers. Human respect alone, I have no doubt, prevents some of higher standing from adopting the same style of dress. As the clear inviting salt water surrounds us on all sides, those free from military duty find this costume very convenient. For, in order to enjoy the

"assuasive element," they can dispense with the formality of undressing, and plunge into the water just as they are. Imagine a crowd of men, during free time, lounging along the water's edge like a bevy of aquatic fowl. Now, without a moment's warning, one or more dive in, and when sufficiently refreshed, crawl out only to plunge in again when the "Texan outfit" becomes dry.

Some have their fears that, unless a remedy be applied, we shall soon step down towards the uncivilized ways of benighted Hottentots. I have myself already partaken of dainty dishes composed of boiled mule, alligator steak, lizard stew, fried snake, and the like, as substitutes for fresh meat and vegetables, which could not be procured. The fact that there is no critic, no one here whom we fear to scandalize or shock, diminishes in a wonderful degree, in war time, the sense of propriety. When, however, the hour of duty is announced, and the U. S. uniform is again donned, the boys instantly return to civilized ways and forms. An officer with whom I was conversing this morning made the remark: "Father, woman is necessary for civilization. Men left to themselves would fall into barbarism; woman would not; she would have to be dragged into it. Were there even one daughter of Eve on the island, the men would never dare wander about in this scanty attire."

Since early in June last, we have not seen a house, except at long range, or a civilian, except deserters and refugees, if such can be called civilians. A brave Zouave coming up to me on some business, whilst I was engaged in conversation with an officer of high rank in the navy, said: "Father, if we had not Mass and sermon to recall to our minds that there is another world, I believe we should not think we were men at all." As the soldier withdrew to return to his quarters, the gallant officer remarked: "There is more philosophy in that fellow's words than he sees." I think the distinguished officer was egregiously mistaken. The Catholic soldier felt away down in his very heart of hearts the full truth of his words. What would the world be without faith, without Christian worship? I did not believe such faith existed, except in rare cases, as I find amongst these rough, if you will, but good-hearted soldiers. I tried to make the officer understand and feel what it is to have faith, but in vain. Yet he is a good man and a very dear friend of mine. His position during many years of service has enabled him to contrast the manner in which Catholics and Protestants terminate their temporal lives. He says he has been always amazed at the strong, sound faith of the dying Catholic. "The Catholic," he continued, "never beholds

Jesus calling him fresh from sin to glory; he expresses deep sorrow for his past transgressions, which he hopes to be pardoned through the merits of Jesus. The dying Catholic often gives vent in touching words to his desire to have near him a priest, who, in this hour of distress, would interpose the power of his Church between his sins and his offended God. At last he would turn to the Virgin Mary, and beseech her to be a mother and priest to him. His brothers in the faith, if free, kneel by their expiring companion, and with book in hand recite the prayers for the agonizing. Oh!" he added, "how I should like to have their rational way of dying." Poor fellow! The dying Catholic sailor and marine have given him an example for which he will have to answer.

In spite of our numerous and, at times, severe privations, we are really happy; for we bear, or try to bear, all our trials with becoming disposition. At night, with heaven's vault, sometimes starry and clear, at other times cloudy and menacing, for our roof, we lie on the white, glistening, creaking sand as our bed; we closely tuck around us an army blanket to prevent snakes and lizards from coming too near us; yet our morning and evening prayers, though short, are as fervent as if we had the strong roofs of New York or Brooklyn to protect us, or downy couches on which to rest our weary bodies. But there were other and greater privations which we had to suffer, and which we did and do endure with real Christian fortitude. At our landing on Santa Rosa, we were informed that no drinking water was to be found on the island. This we were obliged to acknowledge as partially true. We were, however, told to console ourselves with the hope that the rainy season would soon break in upon us, and bring us more water than we should want. Thanks to divine Providence, and to soldiers' ingenuity, water more or less drinkable was procured even before the arrival of the rains. For this, such as it was, our brave soldiers heartily thanked the Almighty, and offered in atonement for their sins the repugnance they felt for this insipid and at times brackish water. So weaned have we become, not only from superfluities, but from even ordinary conveniences, that we scarcely miss what others would consider indispensable. Thus, to write a letter, you would require a chair, a table, a protection against wind and sun, a little moment of tranquillity, good paper, a good pen, and the like. We have none of these conveniences; and soldiers, ever in the field, seldom bestow a thought on their existence—or if they do, it is only to add: "We did not thank God for such advan-

tages when we had them; it is well we have been deprived of them."

I have, however, felt the want of such things; and this want is the chief reason why I have allowed your kind letter to remain so long unanswered. The intense heat, the maddening flies and mosquitoes, the terrible throng, the constant uproarious noise of men and animals, the perpetual moving of every one and everything around me, are not encouragements to write a letter. How often has it happened that the wind carried into the sea the four pages which under these difficulties I had penned in answer to some kind friend's letter!—But what is all this hubbub? A cry "To arms!" rings through the command. The "long roll" is being vigorously beaten. There is a rushing hither and thither to guns and batteries. "Father," says the captain of Battery Scott, "you are ordered with the infantry, who are moving down the island to guard the beach and prevent a flank movement. It threatens to be the severest test which our guns and ourselves have yet had to withstand."—In order to save the pages thus far written, I shall bury them in the sand, where, if all turn out well, I hope to find them, and continue my letter. Adieu! Away to my post of duty.

CAMP LINCOLN, Dec. 16, 1861.

Allow me to return to my *cache*, exhume my little documents, and continue my letter, which I should have written to you weeks ago.

The hubbub mentioned above, which gave us such a start, and which enabled us to prove our alertness to the satisfaction of all, is now over, and no one has been hurt. As I was leaving Battery Scott, I saw a large fleet of steamers coming down the Pensacola towards Santa Rosa, and our own fleet moving eastward along the southern shore of the island, across which our gallant tars intended to throw shell and shot at the advancing Confederate boats, if their object should be to land an army on our island. All were ready. It was to be a fair, stand-up fight; no surprise, no night attack about this. Down comes the Southern fleet with flying colors. We are impatiently awaiting the near approach of the enemy. Our fort and batteries, infantry and and fleet, are so situated that each branch aids all the others. Is Gen. Bragg now going to attempt an impossible result which months ago he might have been able to secure—to sweep us into the gulf? 'Tis too late. Are those puffing steamers his armed tugs, and boats laden with troops? Does the distinguished general now hope to roll us into the gulf, when we are so firmly established?—But look! A halt is

evidently signaled. There is a "heave to" all along the line. Now a scattering manœuvre. The boats wheel round and start back for Pensacola. Had they a hostile intent? Were they a scouting or an excursion party? At all events they found us more than prepared to meet any attack, be it in the shape of a bombardment or an attempt at landing. Our long-range guns sent from fleet, fort, and batteries, a few balls ricochetting up the bay after the retiring squadron as a challenge. That was the end of the hubbub.

Your kind remembrances and interesting accounts of affairs in New York reached me to-day in this camp (Lincoln), in which I have for the present taken up my quarters. Accept my heartfelt thanks. Like men in a foreign country, we are eager to read a New York newspaper, no matter what the date, or listen to any story, no matter how improbable, about affairs at home. You can imagine then what a gratification your letter and papers were to us poor fellows "away down in Dixie."

I have the satisfaction of being able to make the complaint that my duties as priest are so urgent and constant, that I have very little time to enjoy or even notice camp incidents and anecdotes; yet I shall try to pick up a few for you in acknowledgment of the budget of news you have sent us.

We have in this command an officer who, with me, is an uncompromising Catholic, but with others, I understand, he is a Protestant, and again with others (what I fear is unfortunately true) he is an infidel. This worthy, it would appear, made during Mass some remarks and gestures very disrespectful to the holy sacrifice, and insulting to the faith of the Catholic soldiers. Those who witnessed his conduct made a very bitter complaint to me against him, cautioning me, however, to say nothing to him; for some of the boys were going to give him a lesson which he would not be likely to forget. When about to remonstrate I was interrupted by a "Don't say a word, Father. We shan't harm him in the least." I was told not to be alarmed, should I hear any disturbance in the obnoxious officer's quarters, which just then were not far from mine. In the course of the night I did hear something of a bustle or fuss, but it was only for a moment. In the morning I was informed of what had been done. Some of the lads, having come to an understanding with the neighboring sentries, without whose connivance the success of the scheme would be impossible, entered the infidel's tent at the dead hour of night, with drawn swords, and told him to be quiet and no harm would come to him. They informed him that he must accompany

them beyond the limits of the camp. They cautioned him against offering any resistance, for if he did they would for their own safety have to take his life. Then, still holding their drawn swords pointed at vital parts, they reminded him of the great offense he had given them, and announced the punishment they were about to inflict on him. They insisted on his accompanying them to the water's edge, and there, in the presence of the waves of the gulf, promising never to repeat his insulting conduct. Then these self-constituted defenders of the faith started off with their prisoner, passed the sentries, who, as previously arranged, did not notice them, and soon reached the roaring surf into which they threw the scoffer of religion. Drawing him out softly they said to him: "Lieutenant, we shall not drown you this time, but if you do not hereafter behave as you should during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, we shall most certainly cast you into the gulf as food for the fishes. Take what we have done as an earnest of our determination to allow no scoffing at holy things."

Indignant and mortified at the treatment he had just received from unauthorized common soldiers, the scoffer began to threaten his tormentors with the dire vengeance of the rigid exactor of respect to authority, Col. Brown. Fully appreciating their own position, and provoked by the threat, the vigilance committee again seized him, with what appeared to be a decided intention of drowning him, and thus removing all fear of his disclosures. The penitent officer then humbly begged to have his life spared, promised all that was required of him, and was allowed to return unaccompanied to his quarters. Reaching the sentinel whose post he had to pass, he was halted, and under pain of being reported to headquarters for being absent from camp, was constrained to give an account of himself. The humbled derider of Catholic belief told his tale, and requested to be passed in quietly. "For if this should become public," said he, "I should have to resign in disgrace." Such is the history of the incident as it was related to me next morning; and I believe it, because I received it from different sources. The hero of the scene has never divulged the secret, though I think it is generally known. The soldiers certainly wish to have it clearly understood that no disrespect to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist will be tolerated.

A splendid bloodhound whose name was given to us as Manassas, was sent to us some time ago from Pensacola by Gen. Bragg's soldiers, as a dauntless bearer of startling news. The dog safely reached us with his despatches, and soon became a great favorite with the boys. Manassas' master

was with those who made the attack on our camp on Oct. 9th, and was found among the slain, with the faithful hound which had recognized him, licking the hands and face of the corpse. The brute seemed inconsolable for the loss of his master whom he loved so steadily. Receiving no mark of recognition from his lifeless owner, he would run to those within sight, howl piteously into their faces, grab them by the clothing, and again dart off to the corpse, around which he would violently scrape the sand, and into whose face he would bark, as if he wished to awake it into life. This astonishing attachment to his old friend made Manassas wonderfully dear to his new acquaintances. He met, however, with a tragic and inglorious death at the hands of a sentinel, who, mistaking him, as he says, for a prowling spy, challenged him, and receiving no answer, fired, and killed the universal favorite. The sentry's account of the case was not generally credited. For, though it was well known that Manassas made regular visits to the picket-line, all who have been posted on that line assure us that he never skulked about the beat, but boldly presented himself to the man on guard, from whom he was sure of receiving a friendly welcome. A report has become noised about that the sentry killed the dog to spite the commander, who was a great admirer of the bloodhound, and who, a short time previous, had given the guard a sharp reprimand for some neglect of duty. So intense was the indignation of the boys at what they termed the "assassination" of the dog, that those in authority became alarmed lest some evil should befall the unlucky sentry. Aware himself of the wide-spread feeling of hostility towards him, and hearing on every side unmistakable mutterings of revenge, the unhappy destroyer of Manassas' life became so terrified that he applied for the favor of being placed on board one of the vessels anchored off the island. The poor fellow has now disappeared; we suppose his request has been quietly granted. Nothing is said about him.

Whilst the regiment was being organized on Staten Island, some Protestant ministers were enlisted as private soldiers. Two of these gentlemen have been on the point of getting an official into very serious trouble. They made a formal complaint to the commander that they had been entrapped into the service. A rigid enquiry into the affair was ordered. The defendant said: "I invited these, as I did the other men of the regiment, to enlist. I handed them the formula issued by the government for that purpose, and printed in large type, and they signed it. I presume they were able to read and did read it. They were mustered into the regi-

ment as the others composing that body of soldiers." "But did you not induce them to enlist by promising them positions or offices which it was not in your power to grant?" asked the board. "I promised to recommend them for the first vacancy, if I should find them competent" was the answer. It was declared by the board that no case was made out against the accused. One of these gentlemen, however, was taken out of the ranks, and detailed to do clerk's work in the adjutant's office. The other was directed to continue to perform in the ranks the duties of a good soldier. The former, of course, was quite pleased with the change, but the latter took the decision of the referees so much to heart, that he began to manifest signs of mental derangement. Some, especially members of his own company, maintained that his eccentric ways were all feigned. The colonel, however, ordered him to be released from all military duties till he could have him examined by competent authority. Profiting by the free time thus given to him, he amassed a considerable sum of money. He set up a laundry establishment which was well patronized, for it was the only institution of the kind within reach, and welcomed by officers and men. But this flourishing business did not give him sufficient occupation. He soon enlarged his field of action by reassuming the role of preacher, which he had laid aside to shoulder a musket. Announcing himself as a minister of the gospel to the boys, from whom he was receiving no small amount of annoyance, he valiantly undertook to convert them. About this time, the transport *McClellan* brought down here a cargo of beeves for the use of the command—the first and only instalment of fresh meat we have thus far received. As each steer was slaughtered, our zealous apostle gathered up the entrails, cleaned them, cooked them, and distributed them to his converts. But, as soon as the repast was over, the converts lost the faith and had to be converted by another mess.

One day, whilst the preacher was busily engaged in preparing a banquet of tripes for his backsliding followers, a soldier arrived in great haste, and informed him that a large ox had just been slaughtered within the fort, and that, unless he hurried and secured the precious entrails, they would, to the great detriment of souls, be cast to the fishes. "But how leave this pot? The contents are nearly cooked." "Well, if you wish," said the obliging soldier, "I shall attend to things in your absence." Entrusting the caldron and its seething contents to the soldier, the minister hoisted an empty barrel on his shoulder, and started for Pickens. As soon as he was outside the camp, the lads emptied the well-

filled caldron, and replaced the contents by a generous quantity of pieces of exploded shells, bits of wood, old nails, etc.

In due time the zealous minister of the gospel returned, with a good supply of his favorite means of saving souls, and asked, "How are the tripes?" "How are the tripes!" repeated the one left in charge, "I don't know what has happened to them. They have become so heavy and hard that I cannot stir them." "Hand me the stick" said the minister. Then giving a vigorous twist of the staff, and on examination finding a queer mixture of obstacles, he asks: "What are all these? Iron and sticks and bricks and nails—what is it?" No information could be given. "Has the priest passed this way?" "He has." "Did he put his hand over the pot?" "He did." "That settles it. 'Tis well he did not put the devil into it. Beware of him. He'll turn you all into goats or devils, if you are not on your guard. But I'll fix him this time." Starting off for the general's quarters, where I happened to be at the time, the zealous preacher, of whose peculiar fondness for tripes and the end for which he gathered them I had not heard, pushed onwards, muttering as he went, "The priest changed my tripes into stones and wood and iron," till he was halted by a sentinel in front of the general's tent. "I want to pass, I want to pass," he repeated. "Who is that fellow, sentry?" asked the commander, "What do you want?" "The priest has ruined me;" shouted the minister, "he has changed my tripes into bricks and iron, and he would change myself into a goat or a devil if he dared." The crowd who had followed him yelled unmercifully at the poor creature, who only exclaimed, "Oh, so many souls perishing for want of tripes!" "Father, what does all this mean?" asked the general. I could give no explanation; it was all a mystery to me. "What is the matter with you, my man?" says the general kindly. But the poor monomaniac, in answer to all questions, repeats his complaint, "The priest changed my tripes into bricks and iron." "The priest changed your tripes into bricks and iron! Are you sick, my good fellow? Are you suffering from colic?" The crowd around gathered closer to him. Some of them led him off to his quarters, and others remained to give us the story as related above. This last outbreak decided the poor fellow's case; for it removed from the minds of the authorities all doubt as to his soundness of mind. His discharge papers were immediately made out, and he was sent home.

A rather amusing incident, resulting apparently in the mortification of old Col. Brown, but raising him high in the

estimation of the command, occurred here a short time ago. Allow me to relate it. Being informed that officers remained out of the fort and out of their camps till a very late hour at night, visiting other camps or on board men-of-war, and being aware, as an old soldier, of the inconvenience, if not positive evil consequences, that would result from such a lack of regularity, especially in the presence of a watchful, brave, and dashing enemy, Col. Brown took immediate and strict measures for correcting this abuse. He ordered officers to be in their respective camps at 9 P. M., and any officer returning to camp after that hour was to be halted by the sentinel till the officer of the guard should come to admit him. The colonel, however, punctual observer of etiquette, fearing lest his order should be misconstrued by the officers of the fleet, went out in the afternoon in his guard-boat to the man-of-war *Mississippi*, to explain the reasons of his strictures on the recent prolonged visits of his officers. The colonel's stay with the genial and hospitable commander of the *Mississippi* was very much protracted, and when the courteous but strict disciplinarian returned to shore—it was after 9 P. M. Coming up the pathway from the beach to the fort, he found himself face to face with Post No. 6, whose sentry, true to his instructions, "challenged" the stranger with the words, "Halt! who goes there?"

"Officer of the Post."

"Halt, Officer of the Post, till the officer of the guard pass you in."

"But I am the colonel commanding the department."

"Halt! No officer can pass a post after 9 o'clock without the permission of the officer of the guard."

"I'll pass. The order does not apply to me. You know who I am."

Klick-klick went the sentry's rifle-trigger, and solemnly came the words, "Another step and you are a dead man. On post I know nobody. I must obey my instructions." The sentry's tone of voice left no doubt in the mind of the belated colonel that a rifle-ball would bring him to a halt if he made another step.

"Well, sentry, we shall see about this later. In the meantime, carry out your instructions."

Thereupon the fearless sentry lustily cried out, "Officer of the guard! Post No. 6!" The words were readily transmitted from sentinel to sentinel till they reached guard headquarters, when the officer in command hastily proceeded to the designated location, where he found the commander of the department held under the rifle of a common soldier.

The officer, making many apologies for the blunder of the guard, passed in the colonel, who offered neither thanks nor excuses to sentinel or officer.

When relieved from duty in the morning, the poor sentinel came to see me, gave me the account just related, and expressed his fear of some severe punishment. "For the colonel was evidently angry," he said, "and seemed to be offended at my conduct." I told him that I could see no reason why any fault could be found with him, that I thought his conduct worthy of all praise, and that doubtless the colonel fully appreciated the manner in which he performed his duty. In due time, when the adjutant brought the "morning report" to the commandant, the venerable colonel enquired the name of the officer of the guard just relieved, and that of the sentinel stationed at Post No. 6 about ten o'clock the previous evening. On learning their names, he ordered both into his presence. The officer, remembering his humble apology to the belated commander, came in buoyant spirits to the office; but the poor soldier, aware of the colonel's scrupulous observance of etiquette towards all, and especially towards himself, came with a heavy heart. As was generally the case when something unusual was expected, a large number of soldiers and officers collected on this occasion in the neighborhood of the office, to witness the solution of the present difficulty.

"You are the officer who apologized to me last night for the sentry's conduct in halting me, in obedience to orders issued from these headquarters, and delivered to him by you?"

"I am."

"Sentry, were you stationed at Post No. 6, about ten o'clock last evening?"

"I was."

"Did you not know me?"

"I did."

"Then why did you not allow me quietly to pass?"

"Because my orders were to pass no officer after nine o'clock, except through the officer of the guard."

"Did you not tell me that when on post you knew nobody?"

"I did. The instructions given to me whilst being trained in guard-duty, and often repeated by Col. Harvie Brown, were:—to recognize no one on post after the countersign had been given."

"Well done, sentry;" said the colonel, after a short pause, "I take you out of the ranks to-day, and give you a sergeant's stripes. You have performed your duty well, intel-

ligently, and fearlessly. You have given your officer a good lesson, which I hope he will not forget. If I find you capable, I shall recommend you to the War Department for something higher. As to you," addressing the officer, "I have to say nothing more than what you have just heard." Three rousing cheers were given by the crowd of soldiers for the colonel and the newly appointed sergeant.

In order to retrieve the prestige which they had lost amongst their own on October the 9th, the enemy made frequent and determined attempts, during several weeks following that memorable day, to effect a landing on our island. These assaults proved to us the absolute necessity of multiplying our posts, and doubling our sentries, if we wished to repel our aggressors successfully. But the serious question with us was: how, with the comparatively few men at our disposal, can we find the number requisite for extended guard and picket-duty, and keep a little reserve in camp. Accidents and sickness, by diminishing the number of those fit for duty, daily increased our embarrassment. Finally, the want of men became so great, that, as a last resort, till the arrival of re-enforcements, it was decided to empty the camp of able-bodied men, and assign two men to each post continuously — two hours on, two hours off. The same soldiers would thus be sentinels every day and night. This is considered great hardship in military life. For, after twenty-four hours on post, a man requires a full day, with the exception of light work about camp, to rest, and brush up himself, his arms, etc. Officers and soldiers complained; yet it was evident to all, that, for the present, nothing could be done to diminish the hardships of those who had to mount guard. Not a post could be suppressed. On the contrary, there was every reason, if at all possible, to station extra sentinels at threatened and exposed points.

One of the poor sentinels thus sorely tried, Percy, a Canadian, overcome by excessive fatigue, after having spent forty hours at his post, with "two hours on, two hours off" relief, sat down and was soon fast asleep. The watchful officer of the picket (for Percy was on that line, which made his case more serious), making his rounds, found the man on whose wariness so much depended, stretched out on the ground, oblivious of all danger to himself and others. Aroused from his slumbers, the terrified sentry could only say, "I couldn't help it." Still, to sleep on post is an offence always seriously punished, but in time of war punishable with death. The sentry was relieved and placed under arrest. All, of course, knew that he was blameless—his sleeping was involuntary. Yet, discipline must be main-

tained; others must be deterred from yielding to the temptation. After some days' detention, the prisoner, without being informed that he was excused or pardoned, was "returned to duty," and in a short time found himself again stationed on the picket-line. Believing that he had not been pardoned, and that he was only awaiting sentence of death, and seeing safety for himself only within the enemy's lines, to which there was, as far as he could know, a clear, unobstructed way, Percy abandoned his post, and started down the island, on whose northern shore he had hoped to find some means of getting beyond the reach of Uncle Sam's powerful arm. He was soon missed; and soldiers, mounted on mettlesome mules, were sent in hot pursuit. He was overtaken just as he was entering one of those swampy growths east of us, the haunt of alligators and large and venomous reptiles. Taken back to camp, the poor fellow, who had the sympathy of all, men and officers, felt that he had no right to expect mercy. He was clearly guilty, he said, of two great faults— sleeping on post and desertion. The authorities, however, blamed themselves; for they admitted that they should have informed the man, before returning him to duty, that no further notice would be taken of his having slept at his post. To save discipline, it was decided that an order explaining to the command the extenuating circumstances of the sentry's case should be immediately issued, and that without punishment he should be returned to duty. In the meantime, *pro forma*, he was placed under arrest till the order exonerating him should be made out. As there was no guard-house in which he could be detained, he was ordered to take his position at the extremity of the camp on the white sand, and a guard was assigned to keep watch over him till morning, when the order should be read.

During the night a violent thunder storm, accompanied by furious rain and wind, suddenly broke over the island and gulf. The darkness was utterly impenetrable, except when the vivid flashes of lightning illumined the surroundings, leaving, however, the intervals still darker. The thunder was a forcible representation of the almighty power of the God of battles. Notwithstanding the fury of the storm, the faithful sentinel continued to pace up and down near his prisoner, or near the place where he had last seen him, till the "new relief" came, when, with his "orders," he "turned over" to his successor on post the captured deserter who had been entrusted to him. But the captive was not there! "Sentry, where is your prisoner?" asked the sergeant of the relief. "Well

—ah—yes! That man! He is not here. He is not a man. He is a devil. The whole command should rejoice that he has left us. During one of those terrific flashes of lightning, the ground opened, and down he went to hell." Such was the guard's explanation of the disappearance of the man entrusted to his special custody.

Next morning this strange story was duly reported to the commander-in-chief. This gentleman fixed his spectacles, read and reread the wonderful account of the prisoner's escape, and impatiently ordered to his presence the officer of the guard, who could only say that it was the statement of the sentinel who had charge of the prisoner. The sentry, when called to the general's quarters, persisted, to the total bewilderment of the command, in his first assertion. He maintained that by no means could he be held responsible for the escape of a spirit. Indeed it was a blessing, he continued, that the fiend was out of the camp—he had been there too long. But, unfortunately for our wonderful sentry, a deserter from the other side, a few days after this extraordinary adventure with the evil one, brought the information that, the day after the terrific storm had swept over our island, a man named Percy, claiming to have deserted from us, arrived in Bragg's army, and was found to be such an intelligent, well-drilled soldier, that he was appointed sergeant. On the strength of this report, the doughty sentinel was again ordered to appear at headquarters. "There is no discrepancy between my statement and that of the deserter," said our invincible guard; "Percy, or the evil spirit, went down into the ground here, and issued from it into Bragg's camp, the very place he ought to be."

The whole case had to be dropped. Some were of opinion that a sentry who officially made such a wild report should be dismissed from the service. Others, on the contrary, said that a man of such ingenious expedients should by all means be retained, and judiciously be entrusted with matters appertaining to the secret service. He should, many thought, be appointed a spy or a scout. But what is that? a deafening explosion in or near the fort. I must hurry to the scene; poor soldiers!

Adieu. Pray for us. Sincere regards to the family.

Yours in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

ALASKA.

DIARY OF A TRIP TO THE COAST.

Fr. Tosi to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.

[1] Cosiorefsky, May 20, 1889.

Dear Fr. Superior,

To give you a full account of my trip to the coast, of the villages visited, and the number of Indians in each, I shall copy for you part of my diary of the trip.

March 1. I set out at 9 A. M. with an Indian and a half-breed. The latter was a brother of a Russian deacon. This half-breed was going to Kuskoquim, when he got sick and was brought here in February half dead. He certainly would have died if left without assistance for ten hours more. When starting, he promised to give me the greatest assistance on my trip, and to allow me the use of his dogs. My baggage consisted of a sack of dry bread, some dried fish, coffee, and tea, some extra clothing (in case we could not be sheltered at night) and a sled nine feet long and a foot and a half wide drawn by six dogs. These were all the dogs I could find here, but I hoped to get more on the way. The road was very bad, the snow being about three feet deep. On the first day we made only eight miles, walking on snowshoes. The dogs were sometimes buried under the snow, and in many places we had to go ahead to make a road for them, thus making our journey about three times longer. Finally we arrived at the first barrabora, [2] or underground hut, where we passed the night. In this house were two women, three men, and three children, all very kind and hospitable.

March 2. Started at 6 A. M. Windy, and very bad for travelling. The road no better than yesterday. At 10 o'clock

[1] Spelled also *Kosoriffsky* and (in the Catholic Directory) *Kasarofski*. On the map it is *Kozyrof*.

[2] The Russian term for the Innuit winter houses or *tópeks*. The word *yourt* is frequently used to express the same idea, but a true yourt differs in many respects from a topek. It is perhaps derived from a Russian word which means a pigsty, or a confused, disordered heap. — *Alaska and its Resources, Dall.*

it was so dark that we could not see our leader, and several times we lost our way. At 11, we made tea and gave the dogs a rest. As we were near a dangerous place, we tried to keep as close together as possible. Soon we were on the clear ice, the wind blowing a gale. As there was no ice in the middle of the river, we were afraid that the wind would blow us thither, so we made our dogs go as fast as possible; but sometimes the wind was so strong that dogs and sled were carried hither and thither. After travelling about three miles, we were in deep snow again, and making about two miles an hour. At 3 P. M. we again met clear ice; no danger of open places, but the same difficulty to keep our way, on account of the wind, which was now blowing us in the opposite direction. My sled was nearly in the middle of the river, going sideways, sometimes ahead of the dogs, and my Indian could not follow me. I did my best to keep the sled balanced and let the wind blow us ahead. Fortunately a big stump was not far ahead, so I urged the dogs towards it, and there we got entangled and I waited for my Indian. Luckily the harness did not break, but the sudden stop threw the poor dogs flat on the ice, where they lay as if dead. After a few minutes I sent the Indian ahead, running and skating, towards the river-bank, and when he had a good lead, I started the dogs again. Seeing the Indian going towards the Paimut village, the dogs dashed after him at full speed, and as the wind was in our favor we soon left the Indian behind; for I was going too fast to let him jump on the sled. We received a hearty welcome from the Paimut Indians. Their language is different from that spoken at Nulato and Cosiorefsky. It is the Mahlemut language, which is spoken all along the coast from Nushergak Bay up to Kotzebue Sound, and, with only a few different dialects. These Indians are all baptized by the Russian priests, but there is not a single marriage blessed. The village is only twenty-two miles from our residence. While there, we lodged in the casine, [1] a large underground house where all the men sleep, work, eat, etc. They make a fire only twice a day, yet in the coldest weather it is very warm. The entrance is a kind of funnel, about three feet square and about ten or fifteen feet deep, with a trap-door leading into the middle of the room. Around the walls are generally two rows of bunks, where they sleep, squat, eat, etc. I slept

[1] Casíne or Kasíne.—Derived perhaps from *casíno*, an assembly room, or from *casármer*, a barrack. It is used by the Russians to denote the dance-houses of native villages, which the Innuit call Kaguskéemi (or *Kagi* at Davis's Strait). Richardson says that it is an Innuit word; but the Innuit of Norton Sound do not use it or recognize it as other than a Russian word. *Kazóne* is the Russian for a cabin.—*Dall.*

on one of these bunks, but afterwards I regretted it, for I was covered with vermin. Afterwards I slept in the middle, near the trap-door, where I had better air and less company. This village numbers in all, I think, about sixty souls. Last winter the Paimut came frequently to our church, but as they speak a different language we could do very little with them. They promised several times to bring their children to school. Fr. Robaut has already baptized several of them.

March 3. To-day the thermometer is about ten degrees below zero. At 7 A. M. we started on our journey. The roads were good for a short distance; but more than half of the day we had to use snowshoes. At about 4 P. M. we were at the second village of the Paimut. This village consists of five barraboras and one casine, occupied by about twenty-five Indians. They are baptized, but that is all. Here I found three sick persons, one of whom died after a few days. They have a very poor casine and miserable barraboras. From head to foot they are clothed in fish skins. The wealthiest wear a rabbit skin under the fish skin, with the fur inside. Most of the men, as soon as they are inside, take off nearly all their clothing, and many lie around entirely naked.

March 4. Started at 6 A. M. Bad roads. At noon we arrived at the Russian mission, sixty miles from Cosiörefsky. A trader there, who is the brother of the Russian priest, wanted me to stay with him, but I declined and stopped at the house of John Bouduin, a Canadian and a Catholic. In the evening a deacon, who is a half-breed from Sitka, invited me to go and take supper with the Russian priest, and of course I went. The priest was very kind. He is an Indian from the island of St. Paul, fifty years of age, and tolerably instructed; but he is in the hands of his deacon, who is also his son-in-law. This deacon is about thirty years old, and has all the meanness of the Russians, combined with the weakness of the Indian. Around the mission there are about a dozen houses and, from what I could find out, about fifty or sixty souls. Very few go to church. They have school three times a week, and church services only on Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

March 5. I remained at the mission and prepared to continue my journey next day. Bouduin, the Canadian, offered to go with me. My intention was to cut across to the Kuskoquim and go around the coast to the mouth of the Yukon, but I could not find an extra team of dogs. The half-breed who came down with us, and before starting promised his team, did not keep his promise. It seems that he spoke to the Russian priest about the matter, and to prevent

me from having the team, the priest offered him a good sum of money. When I asked for the team, the half-breed said that he had to go down to Andreaffsky. So I decided to go down the Yukon with him and then go along the coast up to the Kuskoquim.

March 6. On this day we travelled twelve miles, and camped at Malenkykosalesky, the first village, where we found thirty souls, all baptized by the Russians.

March 7. We started from Malenkykosalesky, and stopped for lunch at a small village of two families. At 4 P. M. we arrived at another small village where we camped.

March 8. It rained nearly all day. The roads were very bad and slushy, making it hard to travel with snowshoes. At 10 o'clock we reached an abandoned village, Oklovoi, once a very large settlement of over three hundred souls, but at present containing only a few families. Many died and the others dispersed, settling on both sides of the river. At 5 P. M., after a very hard day's journey, we arrived at Rosbonsky (Razpoinik?). This is the largest village on the Yukon. Some years ago there were over five hundred Indians here, but now I should think there are not more than three hundred. I found several families belonging to Rosbonsky on the coast north of Cape Romanzoff. They had left Rosbonsky on account of the scarcity of food. These Indians are not all baptized. It seems that the Russian priest never took any care of them. They are nice people and in a nice place. Last winter, the Russian priest put up a large post here with the inscription: "This land is for the Russian mission." But there is no house and no church. Even over the graves there is not a cross to be seen. I regret very much that I cannot send a father there. The Russian priest expects his bishop with ten monks from San Francisco. After they come it will be too late for us to begin; whereas it would be very easy now as they don't like the Russians; but once they take the place our time would be wasted there. Last autumn, when the sisters passed that way, the Indians brought them presents, and besought them to remain there and teach school, but that was impossible at the time. Here there are two large casines about 40 feet square, in one of which we spent the night. The Indians brought us also presents of food of all kinds. This is a custom with all the Indians of Alaska. As soon as a stranger comes to a village, the casine or the best barrabora is offered to him, and food is given him in abundance. While we were eating, some one announced that the Russian priest and his deacon were coming. That did not surprise me, as I suspected that they would try to find out where I

was going and why I was travelling in that direction. They came into the same casine with us, and there we passed a pleasant time, taking our meals together; but I noticed that they were not much at home in that village and that the Indians did not show much friendship towards them.

March 9. It was raining nearly all day. I expected to see the priest and deacon busy instructing the Indians, but I found that they loitered around all day chatting together, and their talk was not edifying either, particularly that of the deacon. The few who are baptized know no prayers, except the Sign of the Cross. I did not have much to say to the Indians, as I was obliged to make use of a Russian interpreter, and he was unwilling to speak about religion. I visited the sick, however, and gave them some medicine. One of the women was very sick and I saw that she could not live long; as she had been baptized by the Russian priest long before, I told him that she was going to die soon. He went to see her, and asked how she was, but that was all. She died a few days afterwards without confession. All the religion of the Russians consists in being baptized and having a cross erected. The priest and deacon don't bother themselves much about instructing or preaching, and are altogether opposed to schools. They receive from the Russian church $1500 a year, and they take their ease as much as they can.

March 10. We started early in the morning for Andreaffsky. The weather was rather cold and windy, and the road for twenty miles not very good. At 11 A. M. we arrived at a village of five barraboras and one casine, where we took dinner. Near this village is what seems to be the old bed, or one of the mouths, of the Yukon. It is a slough starting from a bend of the river and running to Cape Vancouver, over 250 miles south of the present south fork. A boat can go from the Yukon down to Cape Vancouver, and to the Kusinuk villages on the coast, without going all around the coast from the mouth of the Yukon; and in the winter this would be a splendid road on the ice.[1] We set out again after our lunch and, at 6 P. M., arrived at Andreaffsky, sixty miles from Rosbonsky. We had a splendid road, nearly all clear ice; so we had a pleasant ride. We were welcomed by Mr. Newman, the agent at St. Michael's, who was spending the winter there, and who invited me to stay

[1] On a map before us appears something corresponding to the slough here described; but it starts from a bend of the Yukon, between Razpoinik (Rosbonsky?) and Andreaffsky, to *Kashunok* (Kusinuk?), which is *midway* between Cape Vancouver and Cape Romanzoff. Is this what Fr. Tosi refers to?—ED.

with him. The Russian priest stopped with a half-breed, but came to take dinner with us.

March 11. The Russian priest went ten miles down the river to a small village and put up a stake with an inscription similar to the one at Rosbonsky. To-day Mr. Newman decided to go up to Cosiorefsky to see his little girl and the sisters. The Russian priest with his train proposed to go back too. For when the deacon heard that Mr. Newman was going up, he informed the priest, and both told the half-breed to offer his team to Newman, so as to prevent me from using the team, and thus oblige me to return. When I knew of this, I asked Mr. Newman if he could let me have a team and a sled for a month. He said that I could have a sled and harness, but he had no dogs, and that the half-breed had offered him his team to go to Cosiorefsky. I told him that I would not prevent him from going there, as I was the first that suggested the trip to him, but I hinted that there was a trick in it. That was enough for him. He questioned Bouduin, the Canadian, who explained to him all that was going on between the Russians and the half-breed. After a while Newman asked me what I was going to charge the half-breed for taking care of him during his sickness. I said I would charge him nothing if he would only keep his promise. He said that I must charge him $200, that the Company would pay it, and make the half-breed work. I said that I did not care for the $200 so much as being obliged to go back. "All right," said he, "you shall have a team and all that you need for your trip; and I will go up to Cosiorefsky too, and we must have dogs." Then he gave orders to find all the good dogs in the place, and told me to select those I wanted and he would take the rest. Thus the plans of the Russian priest were thwarted.

March 12. The morning was spent in preparing our sleds, provisions, etc. I visited several sick persons and did what I could for them. At Andreaffsky there are only a few half-breeds, all employed by the Company. There are a few small villages in the neighborhood, nearly all without any religion. The trader here is a half-breed from Nushikok (Nushergak?), who now and then goes down to the coast to trade with the natives.

March 13. We could not start to-day, because we lost our dogs. We found them again in the evening.

March 14. We started at 7 A. M., crossed the Yukon, and then took a south-west course straight for Cape Vancouver. The snow on the prairies was three or four feet deep, but frozen hard, making a good road. We crossed two branches of the Askinuk River (one is that slough coming from the

Yukon already referred to), and further on we came to a bend of the same river about twenty-five miles from the Yukon. On the opposite side we found a village, Chiokguagtalikh, of two barraboras, containing twenty-eight souls, none of them baptized, and all very simple people. Here we encamped, and the poor Indians treated us very kindly, feeding our men and dogs. They cooked some fish for us, but they themselves eat it frozen, mixed with seal oil. We gave them in return some tea and a small piece of bread.

March 15. At 8 A. M. we left our camp and started off to the south-west, and after crossing many lakes and small rivers and passing four summer villages, we arrived at Kugatmit. This village is on the south side of a large lake, eight miles wide and twenty-five miles long. No more woodland to be seen; all flat country, swamps, lakes, and lowlands. Kugatmit is a nice village, but all underground; only a few mound-like elevations break the level stretch, and these are the barraboras. I counted about thirty persons there, all very healthy and all favorably disposed. They offered us different kinds of frozen fish, which I tried for the first time. In the beginning I did not like it, but hunger made a good sauce and I tried to make a good meal. We had no means of cooking it, though we managed to boil tea, with fish-oil for fuel. We found here quite a large burying-ground, but not a sign of Christianity. Towards evening it became very cold, but we had a nice casine which was warm enough though there was no fire in it.

March 16. Started at 7 A. M. Very cold and windy, but the snow was too hard to be drifted, so we could travel without danger. All flat country, broken only by five bluffs — extinct volcanoes — on our right, two others on our left, and one in the middle of a lake. This lake is over forty miles long by fifteen wide. On the south side of it is Akutogpigomit, a small village of twenty-two persons. Here we encamped, as it was very cold and we had not time to reach the next village. We passed one rather large village on our left, fifteen miles from this.

March 17. We started at six o'clock, stopped at some fish traps to feed our dogs, and passing between two bluffs, reached a small village of two barraboras about 9 A. M. The men were away looking after their traps, and we saw only a few women and children. Here we took some tea, and continued our journey, reaching the Kuialavigamik village at 1 P. M. There I saw two large casines and several barraboras. I think that the number of people must be a hundred and seventy at least. They are very good people, but none baptized except a few old ones. These Indians go to

the coast, to Cape Vancouver, in the spring and stay there till late in the year. They have plenty of food. Their clothing is fur-seal skin, and for parkies[1] the skin of the Emperor goose or other fowl. In the spring and summer they have all the meat and eggs they want. Here we were treated to frozen ducks and geese. They catch the birds with nets, such as they use for fish. Their village is on the bank of an inlet of the sea that cuts off Cape Vancouver, which is on Nelson Island. Around the bend of this inlet there is also another village, Chugoktologomut, about seventy-five miles from Kuialavigamik, and another on the other side, Kululagomut, quite a large village. I was not able to reach it, but they told me that it contained about one hundred and fifty Indians. All the Indians around here are very peaceable and simple, more so than any other tribe I have met. I wonder if nothing can be done for them. To stay with them at present is impossible, because I have no provisions, and besides, my companions want to get back by the beginning of April.

March 18. At 6 A. M. we left the camp and continued our road to the south-west. At 10 o'clock we arrived at Inkogomut, a small village on the coast, where a half-breed has a store. He received us very kindly, and we were welcomed by his family and the few Indians living there.

March 19. We rested and gave a rest to our dogs. From here we could see distinctly Nunivak Island, an island off the main coast, seventy-five miles long by thirty or forty wide. It is sixty miles from here. The trader here, who goes there every year, says that in from eight to ten hours, when the weather is good, he can go there in a bidarka, or skin-boat. In the winter it is possible to go a long distance on the ice, but generally the ice is broken, as the tide rises too high to keep it solid. The Indians there have never been visited by ministers or priests, and are very good and simple people. There are six villages on the island. The first and largest, numbering about two hundred, is Tachigogomut, on the point opposite Cape Vancouver. The others are: on the north side of the island, Chikogalagomut, one hundred souls; on the west side Nikuvoiagomut, one hundred and twenty-five souls; on the east side Kigogomut, seventy-five souls; on the south side Chligagomut, ninety souls. Near the big village, Tachigogomut, there are over a hundred souls. All these Indians speak the

[1] Parka.—Plural *parki*, usually rendered, in English, *parkies*. A Russian word, meaning an upper garment of skin or fur, with a hood, and not open in front. They are used, with various modifications, by almost all northern nations.—*Dall.*

language of the coast, if you except a few proper names and a little difference in pronunciation. If there are any villages in the interior of the island, the traders do not know of them. It is likely that there are none, for there is no wood except along the coast, where they find drift-wood from the Kuskoquim and the Yukon.

March 20. To-day we intended to go to the other side of Cape Vancouver to see a large village, a good place for a residence, to visit two small villages on the way, and come back here again to-morrow; but when we got up we saw that it was too stormy to start, so we had to wait another day. In this low and open country it is dangerous to travel when it is snowing, or when a strong wind is blowing, especially if you have no Indian to accompany you. They know the country very well, but a stranger has little chance when the weather is bad. Laska, the trader, told me to-day that the Russian priest told an Indian last autumn to put up a stake with the usual inscription at the place I wanted to visit. I asked if the priest ever went there to see the Indians. They told me that he came only once, about thirty years ago, when he was a deacon, and that before him a Russian priest had stopped on his way from Nushergak; and that was all they knew about priest or religion. I heard, when in St. Michael's, that the Russian bishop who is in San Francisco had ordered the priest to secure ten places, put up the stakes, send down papers to have these entered at the land office as stationary missions, and thus claim the land in those places, saying that he would come up this year with ten monks. The Russians have been in Alaska for over fifty years and have done nothing for the Indians, working only for themselves. They want furs and money and wives. The priest of the mission lost his two wives, and to marry a third is against their law; but somehow he has one, and the wife of the deacon is a bishop's daughter. Well, I decided to go up the coast and see some more villages, then go back to Andreaffsky, and from there return, spending on the way a day or two at each village, baptizing the children, and learning as much as possible of the Mahlemut language, with the hope of starting a mission centre, where I could place some one to care for these poor neglected Indians. I asked the trader whether he would help me if I should return, and whether I could stay with him till June. He told me that he would do all he could for me, that I could stay now if I preferred, only now he was short of provisions, but we could send a couple of sleighs to Andreaffsky for more. I told him that I wanted to go

around to the north now, and return in fifteen or twenty days if nothing prevented me.

Here is a list of the villages from Cape Vancouver to Kuskoquim Bay, never visited by any missionaries, and which I intended to visit but could not. (1) Tanunak, in summer time over 250 Indians, in winter 100, 20 miles south. (2) Kalatlagomut, 70 souls, 15 miles further. (3) Fox Village, 80 souls. (4) Nuvogtoglogomut, 200 souls, 20 miles inland. (5) Tzazagomut. (6) Kenagogagomut, a large village on the coast. (7) Gaiagtzagomut, about 150 souls. (8) Tusogonogomut. (9) Chichinomut. (10) Chaligmut. (11) Anogozogomut, a large village. (12) Maneganagomut, 100 souls. (13) Usnagiogomut. (14) Kolugagavigomut, 150 souls, at the mouth of the Kuskoquim. (15) Kuigapaghgomut, 20 miles up the river. (16) Skinogomut, a large village of 250 souls. Sixteen villages in all from Cape Vancouver to the Kuskoquim, all near the coast. There are some others on the lakes, but they are not very large, and from these all the Indians go down to the coast in the spring for sealing. From what I heard, these Indians are increasing in number, as many are coming up from Nushergak. The distance is less than 200 miles between the two points, Cape Vancouver and the Kuskoquim, following the coast. The number of persons in the different villages was given me by the traders, and when the number is not stated, it is because the two traders did not agree.

March 21. Not being able to go to the other side of the point, and intending to come back here again to stay, we started to-day towards the north-west. At first we followed the coast, but after an hour or so we were on the road. Soon it began to snow, and we lost our direction, and were soon going towards the open sea, the sight of which showed us our mistake. We then turned to the right, and when at 10 A. M. we were looking out for a village, we saw the house from which we started in the morning. Then we had to turn again, and after a few hours we reached Kologomut, a village of about thirty-five persons, and stopped there. These Indians belong to the Kuialavigamik tribe.

March 22. At 7 A. M. we left Kolagomut, crossing a number of bays and a branch of the Kusinok River, one of the mouths of the river coming from the Yukon.[1] We stopped for lunch, and made tea in an abandoned place which had belonged to a *Shamán*, or Indian doctor, who was killed

[1] On the map before us there are three rivers north of Cape Vancouver crossing Fr. Tosi's path: the Azook, the Manokinak, and the Askinuk. Another, answering Fr. Tosi's description, is not named on the map; it branches before reaching the coast, forming an island on which is a village marked *Kashunok*. Is this Fr. Tosi's Kusinok, or Kusinuk?—ED.

and his body burned last year. The murderer told me that he killed the old doctor because the other doctors told him that his wife was killed by this doctor's treatment. So one day he and his brother summoned the old doctor to visit the brother's wife. When he prepared to go with them in his sled, and was just about to start, the murderer stabbed him, threw the corpse under the doctor's cache,[2] and then set fire to the cache, burning everything. This is the fourth doctor killed by the Kusinuk Indians inside of three years. After leaving this place we passed several summer camps, and at 7 P. M. reached Kusinuk village. It was very cold, about twenty-five degrees below zero, and though running after our sleds we could hardly keep warm. But cold as it was, all the Indians came out from their barraboras on our approach, and the sight of three hundred men women and children, all standing on a little hill covered with snow, in the middle of a boundless prairie, was very beautiful. This hill is all hollowed out on the inside, and on all sides are holes for entrances. Two large casines are in the middle, with barraboras all around. I don't think it is over 250 yards in diameter. It is a miserable place for a habitation. On one side is the sea, on another side a large river, and lakes in all directions. All the people, large and small, are clothed in seal skins, with parkies made of the skin of geese or ducks. The women are dressed like the men, but they don't cut their hair as the men do. They are very healthy people, well formed, very fleshy, and, what I never saw amongst other Indians, of very light complexion. The women and children, if dressed as Americans, would surpass many of them in comeliness. This may be said of most of the Indians along the coast. They are very timid and docile, and are grateful for trivial presents. They have all the seal and fish they want, and lead a very happy life. But there is no place to build a house here, and the water is bad, coming only from swamps, as the river water is salt. As far as the eye could reach there was no high ground to be seen. These Indians, however, could be attended from Cape Vancouver, which is only a day's journey along the coast from Askinuk, thirty-five miles north-west of this place. We lodged in one of the casines and had plenty of frozen fish, new seal, white-fish oil, seal oil, etc., all excellent food for this country. But you need an excellent set of teeth; if you are fortunate in that respect you can make a very good meal. It is just the diet for this climate. Sometimes, when I was cold and had no fire to warm

[2] A house for storing provisions.

myself, I ate some frozen fish. For a moment I seemed to feel colder, but after a few minutes all the cold feeling disappeared. When travelling, with the thermometer about forty degrees below zero, this warming food is absolutely necessary. I think these people know very little, if anything, of the Russian religion; for I did not see a single cross in the graveyard, and with the Russians a cross over a grave is as essential as baptism.

March 23. We left Kusinuk about 6 A. M. and following a north-west course arrived at the summer village of the Kusinuk Indians, now deserted. We saw ahead of us the mountains of Cape Romanzoff, a few peaks on the sea coast and a small chain of mountains running inland. Crossing the Askinuk River, and a large bay, we came upon the Askinuk summer village, on a sand-hill upon a little sandy island off the shore, about three miles from the winter village. We were surprised to find the Indians there already. Here the sea was open and they were catching a great number of seal. This village is a very poor one, as it is only for a summer camp. Many had no houses, and a big hole in the deep snow covered with mats was their only shelter. They have two casines here, however, one of them, which formerly was only for the doctors, is pretty good and fitted up in Indian fashion. As the doctors are now beginning to disappear, the casine is for all, and we were invited to a share of it.

March 24. We had to stay here, as the wind was strong and it was snowing. The Indians treated us very kindly, giving us plenty of seal meat and feeding our dogs. These poor animals are getting tired and sickness has started among them. Besides, the salt ice makes their feet very sore, and we had to put shoes on some of them. The Askinuk Indians number upwards of six hundred. Besides these two villages, there are a few up the Askinuk River belonging to the same tribe. Thus we may say that between the two capes there are about one thousand Indians, inside of less than a hundred miles. These could be attended easily. In winter we can go from one point to the other in less than two days, and in summer they can be visited by boat.

March 25. The wind is still blowing so hard that no one dares to go out. It is strong enough to blow a man down, and the snow drifted by the wind is blinding. A woman came to the casine to bring us some food, and when going back she lost the way to her barrabora though it was not a hundred yards off. She ran around for some time, and finally,

desparing of finding the direction, she made a hole in the snow and there passed the night.

March 26. The wind has subsided. The Indian woman who was lost finds out that she passed by her barrabora the night before when only a few yards from it, and the spot where she passed the night was about 200 yards away. At about 8 A. M. we resumed our journey, and after one hour we were at the winter village on a nice hill near the Askinuk River. On the shore I saw an abundance of drift-wood. Back of the village, on a hillside, was a large burying-ground. The coffins were all above ground, raised on posts, and surrounded by all the trinkets of the deceased, such as guns, knives, and figures carved in wood. This village is about eight or ten miles south of Cape Romanzoff. I found here one of those posts put up by order of the Russian priest with the inscription: "This land is for the Russian mission." Yet no Russian priest or deacon ever comes here, and no one can remember ever having seen one. Of course, no one is baptized; they have heard about priests up the Yukon, but that is all they know about religion. This village, or a mile up the river, would be a good place for a mission or a residence. Of course it will be hard to accustom ourselves to the country, but with a little courage and goodwill all difficulties will disappear, considering the great good that can be done for the salvation of these souls. In a few years a couple of fathers could very easily baptize all; for these Indians are not spoiled by intercourse with the whites, and are simple, docile, and free from polygamy; which latter is not the case on the prairies and near the Yukon, owing to the bad example of the traders. On leaving this place we went up the Askinuk River. The road was very good, but it soon began to snow and we lost our direction several times, thus increasing the distance. We did not stop to make tea, because we knew that some barraboras were in the neighborhood and we wanted to reach them. But the wind blew so hard that the snow blinded us and our dogs; it drifted into our sleeves, down our necks, and under our clothing, where it soon melted, so that when we arrived at the barraboras we were nearly half frozen. We found only one family, the others had all left a few days before for the coast sealing. Poor Indians! They were happy to see us, and gave us frozen fish and seal oil to eat. They even guessed that we desired some warm tea, and as there was no means of boiling it in the hut, two men started a fire outside, and in half an hour brought us the tea. One of the women had a dried deer tongue about ten years old, which she gave me. I tried to eat it but it was too hard for my teeth. Then she

went out and brought in a large white-fish, which she gave me, saying that was the best she had to offer. There we passed a restful night, in a hut not more than eight feet square, and we were thirteen persons, besides Indian traps and our own baggage. I was given the best place, and the others slept, some sitting, some half reclining on the mud walls, and the rest as best they could. Our dogs, as it was very cold, were huddled together at the entrance, blocking it up in such a way, that it was difficult to go out without stepping on them, for they would not move. Counting the Indians' dogs of the three sleighs that were following us, there were thirty-one in all. Towards morning the heat began to melt the top of the hut, and the water and mud began to fall down on us.

March 27. When we went out in the morning we found that our clothing was quite dry again, and fortunately the day was rather mild, as it was snowing, so there was no danger of being frozen. Besides, we had to travel only ten or twelve miles to the next village, Mogonovilingomut. We started therefore from Akulogogomut under the direction of an Indian guide from this last village. We always took a guide from village to village. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the Romanzoff bluffs to our left, but we could not get a clear view, as it snowed continually. At about 10 o'clock we saw two large rocks on the opposite side, and after 12 we again saw two rocks ahead of us. Then our Indian halted, saying that he was lost and did not know where to go. We waited for the Indians who were following us and they held a consultation and agreed that the two rocks were the same as we had seen before, and that the village was north of them. Then with the aid of a compass we put ourselves in the right direction, and in twenty minutes the dogs brought us to a barrabora belonging to two brothers. There we took our dinner. There were only eight persons there. At 2 P. M. we reached Mogonovilingomut, at the foot of a mountain and on the banks of the Askinuk River. These Indians belong to the Askinuk tribe and number about forty-five. They have plenty of provisions but no wood. To get wood for their use they have to go thirty or forty miles to the sea coast. Last winter they burned all the wood of their casine, so we had a very poor place to halt. I counted fifteen children to be baptized when I come back here.

March 28. The wind was blowing too hard to cross the mountain, so we couldn't start this morning. I proposed to baptize the children, and the women gave their consent; but as the men were not home, and I did not wish to do it with-

out their knowledge, I postponed it. At 11 A. M. we thought that we could get over the mountain, so we left Mogonovilingomut and crossed the river. The ascent of the mountain was easy, but before I went to the top my companions went up to explore. For the snow, at times, is covered with a crust of hard ice, and then the descent is very dangerous both for men and dogs. On this occasion the snow was not too hard, so we had no need of taking off the dogs; and when the men from the top gave me the signal to start the dogs and sleds, I did so, but I had considerable trouble with the dogs before I reached the top. When I did get there the others were about a mile ahead. My dogs started, I jumped on the sled, and before the others were at the end of the hill I came up with them. My dogs became intractable, and my sled caught one of the others, upsetting it, throwing the man out, and entangling all his dogs. Then the dogs of another sled became entangled with his in such a way that they began to fight. Thus I left them, as my dogs would not stop until I reached Kutmut. When my companions arrived they told me that they had some trouble to disentangle the dogs, but the man was not hurt. The Indians on the north side of Cape Romanzoff seem little different from those on the south side. On the north side, towards the mouths of the Yukon, there is no large village, only a few small ones of from twenty to forty souls each, except three that number about one hundred. These villages are very close together, and are situated on lakes or rivers, and in summer all their inhabitants go to the coast. Kutmut numbers only about forty persons, four barraboras, and one nice casine. The Indians are all, of course, without religion. I saw there the oldest inhabitant; he remembers the first Russians who came to the Yukon and to places on the coast. He must be nearly a hundred years old.

March 29. From Kutmut we went in two hours to Akulagogomut, where we found three barraboras, one casine, and twenty-seven Indians. Going thence towards the sea coast, we passed a large summer village with a large graveyard, but there was nobody present. Passing on, we soon reached a barrabora of one family; and continuing towards the north, at 1 P. M. we reached Paimut. This was once a large village, but now there are only a few families. Here the head man is a very important personage, and he is the only man who has three wives. I saw three nice children of his oldest wife. I told the half-breed trader, who was a bigoted Russian, to ask this Indian if he would let me baptize the three children. The trader said that he would

never let his children be baptized, as he was a man well known for badness. I told him not to mind that, and that the Russian priest would not scold him for having been my interpreter with such a bad man. "All right," said he, and turning to the Indian, he said, "The father wants to baptize these three children if you consent." The Indian reflected for a moment and then said, "I am a bad man, and yet I see that the father did not refuse to come to my barrabora, so I cannot refuse." I said, "All right then; call the mother." When the woman came, the half-breed said that she would not consent to have the children baptized. When I asked the reason, she said that all her children were dying and she was afraid these would die too. I told her that I hoped God would preserve her children, and even if they should die after baptism they would go to heaven and live forever, praying for her and for their father. "So you think" she said, "that my children will live?" "Yes," I said, "if you take good care of them in body and soul; and if you die, I will take care of them, and bring them to school." The man then said, "I am very glad; for although I am a bad man I like my children very much, and I want them to be good." So I baptized the three children, and I hope God will preserve them for his glory.

March 30. At 6 A. M. we left behind us Mogonovilingomut, and two hours later we stopped for a while at Kovutlogomut, a village of eighteen persons, two barraboras, and one casine. Then we kept to the north-east, and six miles further on came to Kupniahagomut, a village of fifteen Indians. Seven miles further in the same direction, we passed Vitagnomut, once a large village, but at present made up of three barraboras, one casine, and about thirty-five souls. Eight miles east of this place we found another small village of twenty-eight souls, Mullachatagagomut; and six miles further on, we came to Anatlazagagomut, where we encamped. Here we found thirty-eight Indians, all nice people, very healthy, and cleaner than those further down; but all without religion, except a few of the older ones who had been baptized by traders many years ago. After leaving this place, we changed our direction and, keeping nearer to the sea, came to the southern mouth of the Yukon. We went up this to the fork, passing the following villages:— Kanslugagomut, about sixty souls; Natzalugagomut, two barraboras; Kalutlogomut, three barraboras; Alokonogogomut, three barraboras; Emanuk, four barraboras and one casine; opposite this place, a few miles across the mouth of the Yukon, Katlak, a village of forty souls, and Nonusiktovo, a village of twenty souls; next Togosonakomut, two

barraboras and one casine; on the bend of the river, Agatliaxaxomut, twenty souls; Anogomut, one barrabora; Inghichuk, one barrabora; Asuchuk, two barraboras; and on the opposite side Ekogomut and Nonovuk. In only a few of the last places are any baptized, and these by the Russian traders, or by a passing Russian missionary.

March 31. Travelling south-east from Agatliaxaxomut, for about five miles, we came to Agovetzaxaxomut, a village of about thirty people. Four miles further on, we passed another, Nunamxaxomut, a village of fifteen. Then crossing the river, and leaving Takovlatloxaxomut to our left, we found, ten miles further, the village of Amitgnaxaxomut, with about twenty-five souls. Keeping to the south, towards the Romanzoff bluffs, we passed Manonixomut, a village of two barraboras and about eighteen souls, and Aloutlutlaxaxomut, three or four barraboras and about twenty souls. We were not hungry, as in every village we got something to eat; but we felt thirsty, and therefore decided to have tea at the next village. So on we went, crossing the north point of a large lake, and stopped at Javultlutlaxaxomut. Some of the Indians here had already gone sealing. They were in all about twenty-five souls. This afternoon we decided to shorten our journey and save some of our dogs; for already three were dead and some of the others could hardly drag themselves along. My team, however, was all right; I had nine picked dogs, all in good condition. We therefore left ahead of us Togtoliaxaxomut, of four barraboras; Kuixaxomut, of five barraboras and about forty persons; Juglaxomut, of four barraboras; and Kamiaxomut, of five barraboras, at the foot of Askinuk mountain. Then we turned east towards Kusilvak mountain. This mountain was once a volcano, four miles in one direction and two in the other, surrounded by a lake on three sides, and on the other side by the Askinuk River. All the Indians north of Cape Romanzoff are called Kusilvak Indians. They speak the same language as the Indians of the lower Yukon as far up as the Paimut, twenty miles from Holy Cross Station. In going towards the mountain, we found the wind so strong that we had to push the sleds, in order to help the dogs up the hill. After two hours, we were on the east side of Mt. Kusilvak, and from that point we could see Chimugalitoxaxomut or Black Fish village, where there are about sixty souls. These people are clean and well dressed, by reason of their living near the traders, and only fifty miles from Andreaffsky. They also know more than the others about the Russian religion. Several

of the women have been spoiled though, by intercourse with the traders.

April 1. Accompanied by some Indians from this place we started early for Andreaffsky. The first part of our journey was through a jungle of small trees, which surrounds the village. This was a novelty; for thus far we had not seen even a bush. Crossing some undulating ground, we came to a lake where the Indians have their traps for black fish. These fish abound in great quantity, but are not famous for their flavor or beauty. Here we fed our poor dogs and left one of them behind. This was the leader of our Indian's team. He was a very good leader; and a good leader saves one man; and, besides, in a storm you can rely more on such a dog than on a man. This I have come to know from experience. The Indian was sorry to leave him because he had only four left. Johnnie Bouduin, the Canadian, also lost some of his dogs, so we had to buy more. After we had our tea we continued our journey, stopping a while at a barrabora and eating some fish, and soon reached the Yukon again. After crossing it on good clear ice, we came to a village of over twenty souls, twelve miles from Andreaffsky. This place is the one mentioned on my trip down the river, as having been staked off and secured by the Russian priest. All these Indians, they say, have been baptized by the Russian priest. Here too is the village of the greatest native doctor. One of the traders calls him the greatest rascal on the Yukon. After passing another small village on the other side of the river, we arrived at Andreaffsky at 9 P. M., and received a hearty welcome. I had intended to stay here a day or two, let Bouduin go up the river, secure some provisions, start back to Cape Vancouver to secure a good place for a station, learn at the same time a few words of the Mahlemut language, and baptize as many children as possible before the first of June. In June I could spend twenty-four days in going up the coast in a three-hole bidarka, and visiting all the Indians as far up as St. Michael's, where, on the 24th, I would meet the steamer *St. Paul* coming from San Francisco. But, to my great regret, my plans were suddenly upset by letters received from Nulato, where I was needed immediately.[1]

For two nights I could scarcely sleep, though I was in great need of rest. I began to regret that I did not stay longer and baptize all the children. Besides, if the Rus-

[1] Here Fr. Tosi interrupts the quotation from his diary. When he resumes it, his journey is over the course travelled when coming down the Yukon.

sian bishop comes up, as they expect, with his ten monks, we shall lose that beautiful mission altogether. Well, I could only say, *Homo proponit et Deus disponit.* So, after two days, we started up the Yukon; but that Kusilvak mountain was always before my eyes. May God send at least a few self-sacrificing souls, inflamed with the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, and I pledge my word that in three years we shall have all those Indians baptized and fervent Christians. Of course, not every one who, in a fit of imagination or passing fervor during meditation, thinks that he can endure everything, and even suffer martyrdom — when practically he could not fight even against mosquitoes—is fit for these missions of Alaska. Here one has to endure hardships unknown elsewhere. Only a tender-foot speaks about mosquitoes; their stings are a pastime. Obstacles of a very different kind we have to overcome, and if our poor human nature is not well supported by virtue, it will succumb. We need strength of body, and "not old harness," as good Fr. Giorda used to say, besides steadiness and strength of mind, to face the difficulties and dangers of this kind of life. Without these, a man in this country is thrown away; he is a bother to others and to himself. And the further north we go, the greater become our difficulties and dangers. The Russian priests even, with their easy life, could not face these difficulties, so they made great numbers of Indians priests and deacons to take their places. As these were hired men, whose chief object was money and furs, they did little more for the natives than keep a big book of names of baptized people, to be presented at headquarters, so as to have their salary raised. . . . . .

Dear Father, pray for us and for this mission.

Yours in Christ,

P. Tosi, S. J.

Letters of Fr. Jos. M. Tréca to Rev. Father Cataldo.

St. Michael's, Alaska, July 7, 1889.

Rev. Father Superior,

P. C.

Deo gratias! At last, after a prosperous journey, we are in Alaska. We started from San Francisco on Friday, June 14, on the *Bertha*, but had to wait in the bay until Saturday morning, to store away provisions and luggage. With us were two parties of surveyors, sent to Alaska by the government. They are going to determine the boundary between

British Columbia and Alaska Ty., in order to prevent in future all misunderstandings in the matter of mines, etc.

We reached Unalashka[1] just in time for the first vespers of the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. So I had the happiness of consecrating our apostolate to that Divine Heart. We bore up well through good and bad weather, though I had to pay my tribute to the sea on the first day.

We started from Unalashka very early on Tuesday, and reached St. Michael's on the morning of July 6th. I had just finished Mass in my cabin, and was setting everything in order, when we were pleasantly surprised by Fr. Tosi coming on board to meet us. Bro. Negro saw him first; but as he had been told that the father wore a long beard, he did not recognize him until the father himself came and spoke to him. Fr. Tosi looks very well; and he said that the other fathers are all well too, except poor Fr. Genna who cannot become acclimated and needs a change, at least for a time. Fr. Tosi is very sorry for this, since he wishes to take charge of some more districts. If he does not take them, there is great danger of their being taken by others. The Russian bishop, who was to have come here, but was prevented from doing so by a fire that burnt down his church in San Francisco, intended to bring monks along with him for all the districts along the coast near the Kuskoquim River. Fr. Tosi would like to take these districts at once, and it may be that I shall be sent there immediately. I would go there with great joy.

Rev. Father, in regard to your desire that I should write to Europe in the interest of the Rocky Mountains, I think I should first write to you and entreat you to send us some help here as soon as possible. We need strong, energetic, constant souls, saintly and practical at the same time. I know that Fr. Tosi sent you a dispatch. The case is urgent, and you could take advantage of the second trip of the steamer *Dora*, if she makes one this year. God will provide a hundredfold for the Rocky Mountains.

As for myself, I am exceedingly happy since I came here. I feel as though I were completely changed, and I am re-

[1] The term *Unalaska* has no authority, is not known to either Russians or Aleuts (inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands), and has no grounds for preference . . . . We have *Alaska* for the territory, *Aliaska* for the peninsula, and *Unalashka* for the island, all derived from the same root, meaning "a great country or continent." When the early Russian traders first reached Unalashka, they were told that to the eastward was *a great land or territory*. This was called by the natives *Al-ák-shak* or *Al-áy-ek-sa*. The island was called *Na-gún-alăyeksa*, or "the land near Alayeksa." This, by corruption, became *Agún-aláksa*, *Agún-aláshka*, and finally, *Unaláshka*. Alaska is an English corruption; the Russians never used it.—*Alaska and its Resources*, *Dall*.

solved to live and suffer and die here, with the greatest pleasure, for the glory of God. It is hard, I am told, but to the loving heart all is easy.

On board the *Bertha* there were two ministers, bound for Unalaklik; they are Moravians, or rather Episcopalians, as one of them told me. They seemed to be in perfect good faith, and were very friendly after a few days. Of course we had some controversial chats. The younger of the two had all the fervor of a novice. In Unalashka we took a walk together, and when on the top of a mountain he fell on his knees, saying, "Let us pray to God," and he prayed very devoutly in Swedish. After that he wanted us also to pray in English. I said the *Our Father*, but did not add the *Hail Mary*, because he could not understand why we pray to the "Young Mary," as he called our Blessed Lady. The other minister attempted to convince me that we have no right to do so.

They intend to settle at Unalaklik, where one of them had already been two years ago. I tried to sow good seed in their souls, and if you pray hard they may be converted. And then, if they could return to Sweden and get married there, that would be first rate for us. Unalaklik is a very advantageous place to pass through in winter on the way from Nulato to St. Michael's, and it is also on the way to other stations along the shore.

Rev. Father, I will stop here, because I am anxious to be in time for the *Dora*, and I have other letters to write. The sisters are well; they found it was not so hard here as they expected. I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

I am forever your unworthy and happiest child in Christ,

Jos. M. Tréca, S. J.

St. Michael's, July 20, 1889.

Rev. Fr. Superior,

. . . . . Fr. Genna returned to San Francisco by the boat on which I came to Alaska, and Br. Negro went with the sisters to the school at Kosiorefski. As Fr. Tosi cannot go north this year, he intends soon to go to Cape Vancouver to establish a mission for the villages on the coast between the Yukon and the Kuskoquim. . . . He has decided to take me with him; and after the arrival of the other father whom you are going to send us in September, he will leave him there with me, while he himself will visit some of the other missions.

The Russian priests are causing us considerable annoy-

ance, by spreading foolish reports about us. They tell the people that we will steal the children and send them off to San Francisco; that the sisters keep the devil shut up in a box and feed him well, while they let the little devils out to beat people. Fr. Tosi treats these priests very kindly. For instance, last year he lent one of them some lumber to build, but now he can get no compensation for it.

I hear that Fr. Ragaru is all afire with zeal. He thinks nothing, it seems, of such little accidents as being upset with his sled, or being treated to a free bath while riding at a high rate of speed over the ice.

The natives call Br. Rosatti "Shut-eyes," on account of his great modesty; and the sisters say of him that no one can tell the color of his eyes on account of his strict guard over them.

Recommending myself to your prayers, I remain

Yours in Christ,

J. M. Tréca, S. J.

THE SPOKANE INDIANS.

SKETCH OF THE WORK OF OUR FATHERS.

The missionary labors of our fathers in the Rocky Mountains date back to 1840, in the July of which year Fr. Peter De Smet was invited from St. Louis by a deputation of Flathead Indians.

The pioneer missionary station, called St. Mary's, was erected in the spring of 1841, near the present site of Stevensville, Montana; and from this point the fathers directed their steps along the vast extent of the mountains, when the various tribes—Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenais, Nez-Percés, Black Feet—came to ask for missionaries.

As early as 1842, when passing by Cœur d'Alêne City, Fr. De Smet stopped among the Cœur d'Alêne Indians, many of whom were desirous of becoming Catholics, and taught them the prayers in the Flathead language. In this way the neighboring tribe, the Spokanes, naturally became acquainted with Catholic teachings, but, in consequence of the presence among them of some Protestant ministers, they had become prejudiced against our religion, and so the first attempt at their conversion met with little success. The war of 1858, however, brought about a change of affairs;

for, being defeated by the U. S. troops, and greatly compromised, the Indians appealed to the fathers for aid.

Upon the establishment of peace in February 1859, Fr. Joset visited three camps, one situated on the Little Spokane (a tributary of the Spokane River), one at the mouth, and another at the Falls of the Spokane. Everywhere he was well received, found the Indians well disposed, and baptized several. At the camps, on the Little Spokane in particular, he met with a warm reception, and conceived great hopes of success among these "People of the Creek," as they were styled in their own tongue. Still, the fathers were not yet able to establish a permanent residence among the Spokanes; so they had to content themselves with an occasional visit to the different camps, in their journeys from the mission of the Sacred Heart, or old Cœur d'Alêne, at the basin of the Cœur d'Alêne River, to Colville, about 150 miles distant. Thus Fr. J. M. Caruana, shortly after his arrival from Europe, in July, 1862, accompanied Fr. F. J. Giorda on one of these visits. They crossed the Spokane River about a mile below the falls, and made their way to the spot on which the Northern Pacific Railroad depot now stands, but which was at that time the camping ground of a large body of Indians. Fr. Giorda acted as interpreter, and Fr. Caruana baptized some sixteen or seventeen children.

A wilder tract of land could not well be imagined. Not the slightest trace of civilization was yet visible—nothing but prairies and forests in all directions. The white man had not made his appearance, so the Indian was left in undisputed possession of the whole region. The country was certainly anything but promising, yet the venerable Fr. De Smet even then foresaw its future destinies. Going one day with Fr. Caruana from the old Cœur d'Alêne mission to WallaWalla, he suddenly checked his horse, and turning towards the lake said solemnly, "Father, you are still young; you will live to see the day when steamboats will be running up and down this lake, and railroads will be crossing these prairies in every direction." Fr. Caruana was loth to believe in this prophecy, but it was not many years before he saw its fulfilment.

In the fall of 1863, Fr. Caruana, being then in the present mining region of Idaho, was ordered to the old Cœur d'Alêne Mission, with instructions to visit also the Nez-Percés, WallaWallas, and Spokanes. Fr. De Smet accompanied him to his destination, and then the two started for Spokane on a lumber wagon (the best conveyance of that

time), but the wagon broke down, and they had to make their way on horseback. After visiting WallaWalla, they separated, Fr. De Smet departing for California, and Fr. Caruana returning to Spokane and the old mission.

This year witnessed a remarkable victory among the Spokanes. Baptiste Peon, chief of a camp located on the present Peon's Prairie, was converted and asked to be received into the Church with his family. For several years, his house was the stopping place of the fathers who labored among the Spokanes. If the limits of this sketch allowed it, other incidents might be recorded here, showing the influence which Fr. Caruana exercised even over Protestants. No permanent residence, however, was established until 1866, when Fr. Cataldo was sent by Rev. Fr. Grassi, to winter among the Spokanes. The people received him kindly, and seemed very well disposed; the language, a dialect of the Flathead, gave litlittle trouble, but the chiefs opposed his building a chapel, through fear of their head chief. This man, a Protestant, was then absent from the camp, and the Indians knew that trouble would ensue, if, on his return, he should find a strange religion spread among his people. Fr. Cataldo therefore asked leave to erect a temporary chapel, and to give instructions for three months, promising to burn the building and go away at the end of that period, so that the head chief might find things just as he had left them. These terms being at length accepted, a structure of logs and mud was put together on Peon's Prairie, about two miles from the present site of St. Michael's.

The father began his apostolic work by teaching the children some prayers and hymns, the recital and singing of which excited the curiosity of the parents, and brought them likewise to the chapel for the instructions. When the three months had elapsed, nearly the whole camp had been baptized, and Fr. Cataldo was summoned by superiors to other fields of labor. So he called his Indians together, and informed them of his approaching departure. The announcement was received with tears, even those who had opposed him most in the beginning begging him to remain in the camp. The father replied that he recognized in the voice of his superior the will of God, so that he would be obliged to go away, with the promise, however, either to return himself, or see that another missionary came to take his place. On hearing this, the Indians allowed him to depart, but would not agree to his destroying the chapel, one of the chiefs exclaiming: "If our head chief does not like what has been done in his absence, let him go elsewhere. No, Black-

robe, the chapel shall remain." This courageous chief was left in charge of the mission.

Fr. Bandini was the next one sent to the Spokanes, but he remained only a few weeks, giving place to Fr. Tosi. For some time this zealous father worked here with great fruit, baptizing many Indians; but he was suddenly obliged to leave his poor neophytes to the mercy of the ministers, whom the Protestant chiefs soon called in. These succeeded in perverting about a hundred of the tribe, although they claimed three times that number. This was due to the evil influence of some of the older Indians who had been Protestants, to the presence of the ministers who filled the Indians with prejudices against Catholics, and to the absence of the fathers who alone could have dispelled these prejudices.

Deeply as the fathers were grieved by this, they were unable to prevent it, owing to the lack of subjects, and the difficulties of communication in those days. FF. Giorda, Cataldo, Caruana, Joset, Tosi, and others continued to visit the tribe at intervals, and in 1875, Fr. Giorda determined to give them the benefit of a mission. Four fathers were sent, and succeeded in increasing the fervor of the Catholics; failing, however, to bring back the renegades. The result showed clearly that no permanent good could be hoped for until a resident priest could be spared these poor people. Still, three more years elapsed before this became possible. Then for the four following years, a father was sent each winter to minister to the Spokanes. Thus began the Spokane Mission in 1878. At that period the Catholics numbered about 300, out of the 600 souls in the three tribes.

When the Northern Pacific R. R. began cutting its way through this region, white people came in great numbers, and settled near the Falls of the Spokane River, building up a little railroad town about seven miles from the mission chapel on Peon's Prairie. The Catholics among the settlers soon asked to have a chapel in their new Spokane Falls. Accordingly, Fr. Cataldo, the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, after consulting with many of the fathers, purchased two pieces of land, in the fall of 1881. On one piece, situated in the town, he built a chapel, 15 x 22 feet, reserving the other, about a mile north-east, on the opposite side of the river, for future school and college buildings. Fr. Van Gorp, who was placed in charge of this mission, began in the following December the erection of a temporary residence on the college ground, while Fr. Cataldo busied himself among the Indians with marked success,

even recovering this time some of his lost sheep. In proof of the fervor that now began to show itself, we may mention that on Christmas day 1881, and the following New Year's, more than 300 Indians received Holy Communion.

During the winter of 1882, a little school was opened for about twenty children, who progressed rapidly in both religious and secular knowledge, and by their piety helped to increase the devotion of their parents. Thus it soon became evident that the most happy results were to be expected from this work; so in the February of this year it was decided to add to the land already in the possession of the fathers another tract, about one mile and a half south of the original chapel, to be used for a permanent mission with church and residence. In fact, it was now very necessary to provide new accommodations for the Spokanes; for the chief, Baptiste Peon, had determined to sell the property on which the old chapel stood. Br. Carfagno was accordingly summoned to Spokane Falls, and set about the erection of a very pretty little frame church, 20 x 40 feet, and a one-story residence, large enough to accommodate the missionaries. The station was called St. Michael's, after the old chapel.

Meanwhile, the good work in the little school went on so rapidly, that several of the children were ready to make their First Communion at Easter. In this connection we have the following edifying incident to relate:—A little girl named Sophie was very desirous of sharing in the happiness of those of her schoolmates who were admitted to the Holy Table, but the father, considering her too young, and not sufficiently instructed, told her to wait for another year. Some months later, whilst on a hunting expedition with her family, about the time the fathers were moving into the new St. Michael's, the child became seriously ill, and at once begged her parents to take her back to the mission. At first her request was refused, but when the seriousness of her illness became manifest, the party started back to the Spokane Mission. Arrived there, the child immediately asked to be allowed to make her First Holy Communion. The father, not realizing at first her critical condition, again bade her have patience. But the little girl continued her importunities, until at length the priest consented to give her Holy Communion by way of Viaticum, which she received with much devotion, telling the father how greatly she desired to be in heaven. The father jokingly assured her that she would be in church the following Sunday. "Indeed I shall not, Father. I shall be in heaven by that time." She then asked to see her grandmother, a Protestant, and a sister of the bigoted Spokane Chief, Geary,

who had proved a most vigorous opponent of our religion. When her grandmother arrived, the dying child said with much solemnity: "Grandma, look at me, and see how happy I am after receiving my dear Lord. When I am in heaven, I shall feel still happier, and my only regret is that I shall not see you there, because you don't believe in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But you can make me perfectly happy by promising to be baptized and live as a good Catholic." Next day Sophie died, as she had predicted, and her aged grandmother presented herself at the mission for instruction, and afterwards lived and died a most edifying Catholic. The consolation which this conversion gave the father was increased by his being able, at the following Christmas, to count 492 Communions, an increase of nearly 200 in one year.

One more incident, to show the influence Catholicity now had over the Indians.—In the spring of 1883, a young Spokane, who, though the son of a Catholic chief, and married to a good Catholic, had given the fathers a great deal of trouble by his irregular life, became involved in a dispute with a white settler. In a fit of passion, the settler struck the young brave with a horse-whip, whereupon the latter, going to his lodge, stripped himself of all his clothing, covered himself with war paint, and, gun in hand, went to Spokane in search of his adversary. The frightened settler called in the help of a constable, and had the Indian locked up in jail. That night, two masked men went to the jail and fired two shots through the window of the prisoner's cell, fatally wounding him. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been sufficient to provoke an Indian war, but thanks to the good example of the Catholic Indians, and the admonitions of the missionaries, the community was soon quieted down. Meanwhile the dying man was taken back to his lodge, where Fr. Joset gave him the last sacraments. The next day, Fr. Cataldo happened to pass through the place, *en route* to Helena, in company with Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel. The Indian asked to see this father in order to repeat his confession, because he feared that Fr. Joset, being somewhat deaf, had not understood him very well. "Why do you want to go to confession again?" asked Fr. Cataldo. "Didn't you receive the sacraments yesterday? Perhaps you entertain hard feelings towards those who shot you. If so, think of our Lord who prayed for his executioners." The dying man replied: "No, Blackrobe, that is not the reason. How can I feel revenge, when I am going to appear before my God in a few days? I have never thought of revenge since the moment I was shot. But I doubt whether the

deaf Blackrobe understood me properly, and I want to be sure my sins are forgiven, and to be strengthened once more by the Blessed Sacrament. And I want you to speak to my aged father, who swears he will be revenged on my murderers, even though he should hang for it. Persuade him to forgive them, and ask the bishop to go with you, for my father will not yield very readily."

Fr. Cataldo and the bishop went to the old Indian, and found him so fully determined to avenge his son's death at all costs, that for the present nothing could change his purpose. So they left him; exacting, however, a promise that he would pray for light and strength. The next day Fr. Cataldo called again, but found no change. On the third day, however, grace triumphed, for the old man said: "I give in, I was very wrong. My son was a bad Christian, and would probably have continued so, had not God allowed this calamity. Now he dies a good Catholic, and I feel happy that he is saved." Needless to say, such tokens of the Christian spirit brought great consolation to the missionaries.

The number of settlers at the Falls increased so rapidly that it became apparent to the fathers that they would soon be called upon to open an institution for the education of the white children. They resolved, therefore, to set about collecting the means for building a substantial college, on the plot of ground originally reserved for that purpose, and on which the new residence stood. Fr. Grassi was now in charge, Fr. Van Gorp's delicate health having obliged him to give up his beloved parish. During the year in which Fr. Grassi remained at Spokane, he managed to procure materials for the foundations, and timber enough for the entire building. In March 1884, Fr. Ruellan came to take his place, and supervise the erection of the college. He also found himself compelled to provide a new church for the town congregation, which had now acquired such proportions that the chapel was no longer able to contain it. In addition to this twofold task, he was entrusted with even a greater responsibility, the direction of all the work in the mountains, Fr. Cataldo having appointed him vice-superior during his own absence at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. But Fr. Ruellan was not destined to fill this post very long. In December, he left for Colville, where he died a most edifying death in the following month. The office of vice-superior devolved upon Fr. Caruana, who entrusted the care of Spokane to Fr. Joset, giving him Fr. Jacquet for assistant. Fr. Joset directed the building of the

college, and Fr. Jacquet proceeded with the church and took charge of the congregation. The Indians were looked after by Fr. Robaut, who had just finished his third year of probation at St. Michael's, and after he was sent to Colville, they were visited from time to time by Fr. Joset.

About this time, precious metals were discovered in the Cœur d'Alêne mountains, and miners came there in great numbers, in hopes of making a fortune. As there were many Catholics among them, spiritual aid was needed there too, as well as among the soldiers at Forts Sherman and Spokane, distant respectively 36 and 60 miles from the Falls. This work devolved on Fr. Jacquet, and the settlers were looked after by FF. Joset and Robaut. Later on, Fr. Folchi began an indefatigable search for destitute Catholics all over the country.

Things went on in this way until April 1886, when Fr. Ragaru arrived to relieve Fr. Jacquet, who went with Fr. Tosi to the Kootenais Indians. In June Fr. Rebmann was appointed parish priest and superior of the future college, with FF. Rossi and Schuler to assist him in the parish, and FF. Joset and Ragaru to care for the dispersed Catholics. Fr. Robert Smith also came to take charge of the Indians, while completing his course of theology, which he had been obliged to interrupt at Woodstock on account of ill health. Not very long after Fr. Cataldo's return from Europe, whither he had gone at the close of the council, his health became so impaired by his long years of missionary service, that he was unable to take any active part in the work at Spokane, and he was compelled even to leave the mountains altogether, and seek rest in California. There he remained until the spring of 1887, confiding the mission to the care of Fr. Diomedi.

The exterior of the college was now completed, but as funds were extremely scarce, work on the interior advanced very slowly. In fact, it took several years to put the building in shape for occupancy. The people were constantly urging the fathers to open their classes for day-scholars, but their requests were denied, as the institution was intended principally as a boarding-school, and there was not room enough for both boarders and day-scholars.

In the summer of 1887, a notable event occurred in connection with the Spokane Indians. The white population was increasing so rapidly, that the government foresaw that troubles would inevitably arise between them and the Indians, about the rights to the soil, which the Indians claimed as their own; so three commissioners were sent to try to induce the Spokanes to cede their claims to the government

and accept a reservation elsewhere. But neither the arguments of the officials nor the influence of the fathers could bring them to accept the proposition, since many of them had little faith in the government, and the rest were strongly attached to the home of their birth. The original idea was therefore given up, though the fathers persuaded the majority of the Catholic Indians to settle on the Cœur d'Alêne and Flathead reservations, whither the remainder of the tribe has been drifting ever since. The number of Catholic Spokanes being thus diminished, it was no longer necessary for a priest to reside permanently at St. Michael's, so Fr. Smith went there only on Sundays and holydays.

It next occurred to Fr. Cataldo that Spokane stood in need of a hospital, so he applied himself to the task of finding sisters willing to assume charge of one, and the Canadian Sisters of Providence (who have a mother house at Vancouver, Wash.) were won over to the plan, and by the end of November had completed, on the river bank, a commodious building suited to their purpose. At that time the three Catholic buildings—the church, college, and hospital—were the three most imposing structures in the town; and soon after, work was begun on a new parochial school, to accommodate 300 children.

In 1887, Fr. Rebmann still remained at the head of the station, with FF. Smith, Feuzi, and Schuler to help him. The last named occupied himself mostly with the Germans. About this time the fathers were afforded an opportunity for bettering the financial standing of the mission. The town had now spread out in the direction of the college, and as the ground attached to it was looked upon as very desirable, Fr. Cataldo was urged to put it on the market. He reluctantly consented; and thus the necessary funds were raised for the formal opening of the college about the middle of September. Many wanted to attend as day-scholars, but were rejected. Boarders, on the contrary, did not present themselves, and the regular classical course was begun with seven boys. At the end of the month, their number had increased to twelve, and before the end of the year to eighteen. The faculty consisted of Fr. Joseph Rebmann, President; Fr. Peter Barceló, Mr. Paul Brounts, Mr. Edward Hand, and Mr. Luke van Ree, Teachers and Prefects. The boys gave great satisfaction in every respect. A much better showing certainly would have been made had their number been larger; but it was thought best to reject all applicants who did not give more than usual promise

of capability and perseverance. In one chosen soul was developed a vocation to the religious life. He entered the novitiate at the close of the scholastic year.

In December of this year, the church was presented with a bell; and as the bishop was unable to attend, Fr. Rebmann blessed it with solemn ceremonies on the Sunday before Christmas. It was used for the first time in summoning the faithful to celebrate our Lord's Nativity. The new year was begun with the celebration of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee, and a collection was taken up on the occasion, as an offering to the Holy Father. A very successful fair had previously been held, and the profits divided between the church and the hospital. Shortly after this, Fr. Rebmann proposed to Fr. Cataldo to be allowed to visit some of our colleges in the East, in order to gain some knowledge of the way they were conducted. The institutions at Chicago, Cleveland, Prairie du Chien, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Worcester, Baltimore, and Washington were selected, and Fr. Rebmann returned after some months with much information, which had been everywhere cheerfully given. Fr. Monroe directed the college during the superior's absence, and transformed the grounds into a very pretty garden, with flower-beds, pavilions, and walks, all radiating from a fountain in front of the entrance. The advisability of receiving day-scholars now becoming evident, and the architectural disposition of the present building not permitting an addition for their accommodation, it was decided to begin work in the following spring on a new college 250 feet front.

In its second year, Gonzaga College had 34 boarders. They occupied the same apartments as in the preceding year, but they were made much more comfortable by the addition of many new articles of furniture. In October of that year, Right Rev. Bishop Junger administered the sacrament of confirmation, and promoted one of the scholastics to the priesthood and another to minor orders. Fr. Cataldo took advantage of this visit of the bishop to ask to be freed from the charge of the parish; but, owing to the scarcity of secular priests in his diocese, the bishop was unable for the present to comply with his wishes. It was a cause of great consolation to Bishop Junger to find the parochial school, which was begun a year later than the college, in such a flourishing condition. It then contained 160 children, and before the end of the year had fully one hundred more on the rolls. The sisters were also thinking of opening an academy for girls.

But happiness in this world is never without its mixture of bitterness, and our fathers were not to escape the com-

mon lot. In the spring of 1889, rumors reached them of plans for railroads which, if carried out, bade fair to destroy all hope of the new college. One railroad had already been cut through the grounds, but fortunately at a sufficient distance from the house to cause no serious annoyance. But now surveys were made for a new line, to pass directly in front of the projected building. Fr. Cataldo, therefore, thought it best to suspend operations on the new college, and to begin the third scholastic year in the old place, locating the preparatory department in the old town chapel, under the name of St. Ignatius' School. The larger boys of the parish are here received as day-scholars.

From this sketch of the work and plans of our fathers, it is evident that no pains have been spared to raise the standard of faith among the 4000 Catholics of Spokane Falls and the surrounding district. Nor have the poor Indians been neglected. The missionaries have continued to watch over them with loving care, and to exhort them to retire to the Cœur d'Alêne and Flathead reservations. Only thirty or forty families have resisted, and even these are beginning to follow the counsel of those whom they have learned to look on as the only ones who have their true interests at heart.

L. VAN REE, S. J.

MICHIGAN.

Letter from Fr. Chartier to Fr. Sabetti.

SAULT STE. MARIE, July 8, 1889.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Having often been solicited by some of my Woodstock friends to send them news concerning our missions here, I will endeavor to comply with their request. My last letter, if I do not mistake, was dated February the first, 1887.[1]

The year 1887 has been for Sault Ste. Marie an era of wonderful strides in material improvements. A great boom in real estate struck the town in the spring, and a swarm of capitalists broke in upon us, and much property changed hands. Most of the beautiful grounds in the town and suburbs fell into the hands of wealthy real estate men, and some of our poor old settlers became suddenly very wealthy. This boom lasted only a few months, and was then followed

[1] v. vol. xvi. p. 139.

by a reaction, and a dead calm. The greedy capitalists, having secured most of the valuable property, waited for a high price before they would sell. This change made it hard for poor immigrants to secure land. The price of the land was exorbitant, the taxes and rents high. Hundreds of houses of all styles and various prices arose as if by magic. During this commotion, many titles of properties were found doubtful, owing to the absence of authentic records in the early days. This gave abundant work to lawyers, and much litigation ensued, of which we have had our share, and which is not yet at an end.

A company of rich capitalists was formed, for the purpose of securing the right of way for a water-power canal, one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet wide, and two and a half miles long, to bring the water of Lake Superior through the town. From the head of this canal to the lower end, opening into Hay Lake, there is a fall of eighteen feet. This canal, which is now being constructed, will bring many advantages to the city, by providing power for factories, mills, etc.

While this work was progressing, three great railroads —the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and the Canadian Pacific— were rapidly pushing their way to the Sault. At the same time, to connect Michigan with Canada, a gigantic bridge was built over St. Mary's River, above the rapids. So that by the end of October, 1887, trains from Duluth, St. Paul, and Minneapolis were passing through the Sault, on the way to Montreal, Boston, New York, etc. The effect was as amusing as it was amazing, for many of the old settlers had never before seen a locomotive.

Add to these improvements the immense locks that the government is constructing on the north side of the old locks. Even these cannot suffice for the traffic that is yearly increasing. Some days, more than seventy-five vessels of all dimensions pass through these locks, on their way up to Duluth or other places on Lake Superior, or down to Lake Huron, Lake Erie, etc.

During 1888 our village became the city of Sault Ste. Marie, and its population is now estimated at over ten thousand. Electric lights and electric cars have been introduced, and the new mills and factories are expected to increase the population by affording permanent work to hundreds of laborers. This want of steady work has been formerly a great drawback here, especially during the winter. In view of all these improvements, many forecast a bright future for

Sault Ste. Marie; and the Canadian Sault, opposite to us, on the north bank of St. Mary's River, with its beautiful site and natural resources, looks with an envious eye on her American sister. However, an era of prosperity has begun there also, and they too will soon have their new locks, water-power canal, and other improvements.

A glance now at other events. During 1881, the little old church on Sugar Island, built for the Indians about thirty years ago by the late Bishop Baraga of holy memory, was badly shaken by a tornado, and the steeple blown down. There was no money in the treasury for the necessary repairs. Recalling, however, the words of our Lord, "Ask, and you shall receive," we called on divine Providence in favor of these poor children of the forest, and our prayer was heard. New foundations were laid, new boarding was put on the outside, new shingles on the roof, and a new steeple; so that after a new coat of paint, the little church is much improved — and it is free from debt. The poor Indians feel quite proud of it. During Easter time a retreat was given to our French-speaking people with much good.

As for our church here, I am gradually introducing improvements. Some generous people put their heads and hands together, and gave me the money necessary to adorn the church with four beautiful statues, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Patrick, all imported from Paris. In the same way I have procured a very handsome set of stations of the cross. Both statues and stations are very highly prized. From a bazaar held for two or three evenings last August, we gathered several hundred dollars, which we used to erect a superb main altar, which was ready for the Christmas midnight Mass, and added greatly to the splendor ordinarily displayed in our church on such an occasion.

As a preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a retreat was given to all the young ladies of the parish, which was attended with edifying piety. On this feast, after having obtained from Rome the diploma of aggregation, and permission from the bishop, I established the sodalities of the Children of Mary and of the Holy Angels, which continue to prosper and give edification by the exemplary life of the sodalists, who go every month to Holy Communion in a body, bearing on their breasts the medal of the Queen of Heaven. Splendid vestments and a handsome organ were procured in time for the feast of the Assumption, when the bishop made his visitation. Our church now has reached completion, and that too without the burden

of a cent of debt. Our congregation amounts to very near 2500.

As the work was becoming rather heavy for me alone, our superior sent me Fr. Devlin last August, and he has given me the greatest assistance ever since. Last December, he and Fr. Baudin gave a very successful retreat to Fr. Sinnett's congregation at the Canadian Sault. Fr. Sinnett has been in charge of this mission since last August. In that short time, by his zeal and energy, the Catholic element has been greatly improved, and a nice school-house, under his care, will soon be completed. Fr. Ouellet, like a good old shepherd, continues to watch over his flock, grazing peacefully on the solitary bank of Garden River. FF. Chambon and Richard are still attending the various missions on both sides of the St. Mary's River and on Lake Superior.

Although Sault Ste. Marie has a bad reputation on account of its fifty-six saloons, nevertheless, as God knows how to draw good from evil, since February 1887, twenty-four Protestants have been instructed, baptized, and received into the Church. We have had 360 baptisms of children, 142 deaths (some of them very edifying), 57 marriages, about 20 couples who had been married outside of the Church have been reconciled (only three Catholics were married by me to Protestants during my 11 years here), 7300 confessions (many very long ones), 95 extreme unctions, 150 First Communions and confirmations, two and often three sermons every Sunday and feast of obligation, four retreats and one triduum to the people, two retreats and two triduums to nuns. So you see some good has been done, though more remains to be accomplished.

Pray for us that we may do better.

Ræ. Væ. in Xto. servus,

R. CHARTIER, S. J.

A QUERY ON PAROCHIAL AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

DETROIT COLLEGE, MICH.,
Oct. 5, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

The condition of things which we witness in this college suggests a useful question, as to the influence of a well-organized parochial-school system on our higher college education. In the State of Michigan, the whole theory and practice of education generally seems to be as marked and peremptory as they can well be. The legislature has provided, on the usual gratuitous basis, all the degrees of a complete educational system — the common school, the high school, and the university — Ann Arbor University this year numbering 2000 students. The State exercises a superintendence over all chartered institutions, not in an honorary fashion, but efficaciously. And, in open competition, it is not clear that anything could withstand the ascendency of the State and the public system; — least of all, a college which, in these circumstances, might be expected to find all its possible support absorbed by the three degrees of schools. A somewhat gratuitous roll of scholars, at most, might still be found aspiring to a little Latin for a special purpose.

As it is, however, on October 4th, the roll of students here mounts up to 261, the largest number yet for this date. This number includes 29 in the preparatory course, and 49 in the four commercial classes. It falls just three or four below the average of the seven colleges in the province, as that average stood a couple of weeks ago. St. Louis and Cincinnati, by their very large attendance, had already raised the general average to upwards of 265. Now, the significant fact that I call attention to is this. The number of new-comers in the 261 is 86. Of these, there come from the parochial schools, 59; from the public schools, 18; from other quarters, 12. There are no Protestants in attendance.

Nowhere in the province has the corporate action of the State thrown such a weight on the side of its own system. On the other hand, nowhere in the dioceses of the United

States have more decisive measures been taken for carrying out the ordinances of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Bishop Borgess, an ecclesiastic of high views, and rigid in their execution, made it a reserved case for any parent to send a child to a common school, from the time that a parochial school was established in the parish. The reservation affects the child as well as the parent. This was only seven years ago. Yet seven years have sufficed to raise things to such a condition that, taking our own parish as an instance, out of 515 families, only five or six are sending children to common schools. These are cases of mixed marriages; and the excuse, more or less weak, is generally, that the wife cannot overcome the resistance of her Protestant husband, and so cannot send the child to the parish school.

Adjoining ours, there is still a parish, and an important one, which for special reasons has been so far excused from having a parochial school. For the rest, however, the parochial system is complete.

QUERY:—What is the bearing of this fact on the favorable condition of the college, though so unfavorably placed with regard to state education, and not at any great distance from a high school of 600 pupils, as well as a great university of 2000 students?

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

FATHER PRACHENSKY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

(From the *Fordham Monthly*.)

Class days had hardly begun this year when the college was the scene of the celebration of the golden jubilee of Father Prachensky. This venerable clergyman is well known to thousands as the Catholic chaplain of Ward's Island for the past twenty-one years, from which office he was but lately transferred to that of spiritual father to the community of St. John's College. To a much larger circle of admirers he is also known as the author of a beautiful exposition of certain Gospel truths entitled *The Church of the Parables*.

The day of his golden jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the religious life—Thursday, September 5th, was an exceptionally fine one. Father Prachensky sang High Mass in the parish church of Our Lady of Mercy, being assisted by Father William Kevill, as deacon, and Mr.

John Coyle, as subdeacon. His voice rang out with marvellous strength and clearness. During the day, congratulatory letters poured in upon him from well nigh all parts of the world, not only from his religious brethren but from the many devoted friends whom he has drawn to himself wherever he has labored.

In the afternoon, dinner was laid in the community refectory, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Provincial of the Maryland New York Province, Father Campbell, and all the fathers who could attend from the neighboring houses of the Society, besides a number from a distance, were present, together with the scholastics of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and our own St. John's. Amongst the distinguished visitors not of the Society, were Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan, and Bishop Hennessy, and several prominent secular priests and laymen.

During the repast, at fixed intervals, words of welcome and congratulation were read in original compositions by four of the scholastics of St. John's, viz., an English prose welcome by Mr. James Walsh, a Latin ode by Mr. Owen Hill, a Greek ode by Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, and an English poem by Mr. Joseph Smith. The evening was spent by Father Prachensky very quietly and happily amid the warmest expressions of good wishes from every one.

Father Prachensky was born in Austria, on June 22nd, 1822. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen, on September 5th, 1839, and made his noviceship at Gratz, in the Austrian province of Styria. His novice-master, Father Asum, had been a fellow-novice at Polosk, in Russia, of the famous Father Roothaan, afterwards General of the Society in some of its stormiest days. During his second year of theology, the Hungarian revolution under the notorious Kossuth broke out, and, as usual, the Jesuits were the first to feel its effects. Kossuth, it may be remembered, had sworn that if he were successful, the name of Christ should be unknown in Hungary after two years. The Jesuit communities were practically destroyed, so that they had no option but to depart for other provinces. Father Prachensky was ordered to the New Orleans Mission, and before leaving Austria enjoyed the inexpressible consolation of being ordained priest. Though so long absent from his native land, he is still a member of the Austro-Hungarian Province of the Society.

The New Orleans Mission then embraced, as it does at present, all the Gulf States. Father Prachensky crossed the ocean in company with Father Free, now of New Or-

leans, and made his first stay in this country at St. Joseph's College, Spring Hill, near Mobile. Here he remained for some time teaching the classics, after which he was transferred to the missions of New Orleans and the vicinity. He labored in this field for fourteen years. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, he became chaplain of the 3rd Alabamas, accompanying them in their campaigns as far north as Norfolk. His descriptions of army life are exceedingly graphic. He was a favorite with Protestant and Catholic alike, and his sermons, usually delivered by the light of their camp fires, were listened to with the profoundest respect and pleasure.

The next scene in his life was no less a place than St. John's College itself. He made his tertianship, or third year of probation, at the college under Father Schneider, and then spent the following year in parish work at Troy, N. Y. After this, his provincial sent him to Ward's Island, believing that his term of office there would last only a year or two. But the years rolled on till they numbered twenty-one, when at last we find the veteran soldier of Christ returning to St. John's.

MEXICO.

Extract from a letter of P. de la Cerda.

PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES, Sept. 24, 1889.

DEAR FATHER,

I have a piece of news for you. Perhaps, indeed, you have already heard it through the newspapers; however, their account cannot be trusted. Here are the facts.

Three of our fathers, Antonio Labrador, Estanislao Maulеón, and Vicente Mancí, after giving missions in the cities of Leon and Guanajuato, came to a mining town called La Luz. The success of the missions, especially of the one given at Leon, where more than 20,000 confessions were heard, many hundred marriages set right, etc., roused the ill-will of the Liberals, who, be it said in passing, are, in Mexico, models of intolerance. They made up their minds to get even with the missionaries the first chance that offered. The opening of the mission at La Luz seemed the looked-for moment. So it came to pass that one day, to the utter amazement of the missionaries, the leading politician of the

place entered the church, hat on head and pistol in hand, and proceeded to arrest Fr. Labrador for preaching against the institutions of the country. The people, furious at the outrage, rushed upon the intruder, who narrowly escaped with his life. As a matter of fact, he received but one wound, inflicted, they say, by an old woman. An armed force soon appeared on the scene, the uproar increased, stones were thrown and pistol shots exchanged; many persons were wounded, and some killed. The fathers were carried off to Guanajuato and thrown into the common jail, the historic castle of Granaditas. This was what the Liberals wanted. Indeed, had any pretext been given, they would have been only too happy to make away with the fathers on the road to the prison, under cover of *La Ley Fuga* (The Fugitive Law), which permits the shooting-down of a prisoner who attempts to escape.

All this happened on the 25th of April, of the present year. FF. Mauleón and Mancí were detained in prison until the 8th of Sept. They were then permitted to leave the prison, but not the city. As for Fr. Labrador, he has been condemned to eleven months' imprisonment, with a fine of $1000. There will be a hundred days more of prison in case the fine is not paid.

The official accusation is a wretched tissue of falsehoods. Fr. Labrador published a protest, but in vain; these men do what they will. It is clear that our enemies, knowing well that the nation is Catholic, saw it would be useless to accuse the missionaries of preaching Catholic doctrine; nor could they charge them with preaching anything else. So they were on the alert to find an opportunity of raising a riot, and arresting the fathers as instigators; this opportunity they found at La Luz.

In the hands of such men rests the government of this nation, worthy assuredly of a better fate. The governor of Guanajuato is the notorious Gonzales, the predecessor of Don Porfirio Diaz in the presidency of the republic. Gonzales is eager for a second term, and, to win over the Liberals, he persecutes the clergy, imprisons missionaries, closes Catholic schools, and, taking public instruction into his own hands, has made it atheistic. Much else he does, as bad and worse, to the great satisfaction of the Liberals.

You see, dear Father, that our liberty is different from yours. Catholics in your country have true liberty; here, though in a majority, they are treated like pariahs. And, saddest of all, we are now come to such a pass, that there seems no human means at hand to set things right again.

BRAZIL.

Itu, San Luiz College, July 21, 1889.

Rev. dear Father,

P. C.

. . . . We had another invasion of yellow fever last year. Rio Janeiro was the first to be attacked, and the attack lasted from October to the end of March. The victims were very numerous, and among them were three Lazarists and several Sisters of Charity. Two other towns, Santos and Campinas were also visited. The former, the principal commercial port of this province, suffered heavily from January to the end of April. Several sisters from Rio and one of our fathers from this college went there to attend the sick. The latter town, Campinas, has been afflicted from January up to the present. It was thought formerly that there was no danger of yellow fever in the interior, yet the victims of this city, which is about twenty leagues from Itù, are almost beyond calculation. Here too one of our fathers, with considerable sacrifice to the college, attended the sufferers for about two months.

During the month of December, one of our fathers from Nova Friburgo, who was assisting in the examinations at Rio, caught the fever and narrowly escaped death. At the same time, our Father Rector, on a visit to Rio, caught the fever also, and recovered only after a long illness. Besides these afflictions, we lost Fr. Graziosi, who died here of rheumatism of the heart about three weeks ago, and about the same time Fr. Missir died at Santa Catharina. The small-pox again made its appearance here a few weeks ago. The sisters' academy, which escaped last year, was the first to be attacked, and had to be closed. Thus far the disease has not reached our college, but we are in great danger, as it is impossible to cut off all communication with the town.

Notwithstanding these trials, our college is doing well. We have now 280 boarders; less than we had last year, but more than we hoped for under the circumstances. For the abolition of slavery has deprived the farmers (and of such even the higher class of society here is made up), of their chief source of revenue. Another effect of the movement has been the downfall of the Conservative party, and the dissolution of the House of Commons. For the abolition was

brought about by the Republicans and Liberals, who have thus strengthened their opposition to monarchy and to the Conservative party. Only a few days ago an attempt was made at Rio against the emperor's life. The hand of the stranger is visible in all this, but the people do not seem to see anything. *Quem vult perdere, dementat.* What our lot will be God alone knows.

The feast of St. Aloysius was celebrated here with the usual pomp this year, and we were honored by the presence of the Bishop of Rio, who is still here. He is very friendly and makes himself quite at home with us.

I remain, Reverend Father,

Ræ. Væ. infimus in Christo servus,

R. M. Galanti, S. J.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT.

[*Special Notice.*]

While preparing the Index for the first fifteen years of the Letters—from 1872 to 1887—we were struck by the absence of several great names from the list of obituaries. This led to an investigation of the list of *vita functi* in the catalogue of the Maryland New York Province; and this investigation was followed by the startling revelation that, of those who died in this province alone during the years mentioned, there are 25 priests, 21 scholastics, and 40 brothers of whom there is no obituary notice in the Letters.

There are several explanations of this apparent neglect. Suffice it to mention two. First, it is not generally understood that those who have charge of the Letters are not supposed to write, but only to edit what is sent to them from the different houses. They have other work to do at Woodstock. Secondly, former editors have doubtless found the same difficulty as the present staff in securing obituaries or notices from the houses where the death takes place. The notice which they give to newspapers would often suffice; but it must be sent to the Letters certified by some one who can guarantee the newspaper account to be correct—otherwise we cannot run the risk of printing such notices.

It will be quite natural for the future annalist to go to the Letters for at least a brief notice of those who have died during these years, and it would be a pity that he should be disappointed. To prevent this, it is now proposed to open in the next number a Biographical Supplement, containing at

least a brief sketch of those whose obituaries have not been written. Hoping for co-operation from all sources in this work of charity, we give a list of the names referred to, with the year and place of death.

Priests—Fr. F. X. Di Maria, 1871, Philadelphia; Fr. Michael Tuffer, 1873, Frederick; Fr. Peter P. Kroes, 1873, Georgetown; Fr. John Early, 1873, Georgetown; Fr. James Pinasco, 1873, Frederick; Fr. Alex. L. Hitzelberger, 1875, Boston; Fr. John Smith, 1877, Philadelphia; Fr. Peter V. McDermott, 1877, Whitemarsh; Fr. Chas. A. Bague, 1877, St. Joseph's, Washington; Fr. Alphonsus Pelletier, 1879, New York; Fr. James J. Tehan, 1879, Providence; Fr. Michael Driscol, 1880, Fordham, New York; Fr. Henry Terenziani, 1880, New York; Fr. Florentine Achard, 1880, Troy; Fr. Charles H. Fulmer, 1880, Boston; Fr. John Treanor, 1880, California; Fr. John Fitzpatrick, 1880, Fordham, New York; Fr. John Sumner, 1880, Washington; Fr. Francis McLaughlin, 1881, Texas; Fr. Hector Glackmeyer, 1881, Philadelphia; Fr. Joseph Shea, 1881, New York; Fr. Francis Maréchal, 1882, New York; Fr. Francis Michel, 1882, New York; Fr. George Villiger, 1882, Conewago; Fr. Paul Mignard, 1882, New York.

Scholastics—Mr. Tobias F. X. Witman, 1871, Frederick; Mr. John Deady, 1871, Woodstock; Mr. Aidan Byrne, 1872, Frederick; Mr. Wm. O'Callaghan, 1873, Woodstock; Mr. Charles Doizé, 1873, New Orleans; Mr. John E. P. Dooley, 1873, Georgetown; Mr. Jos. Strubinger, 1874, Frederick; Mr. Julian F. Fairfax, 1875, Frederick; Mr. Edward F. Dougherty, 1875, Woodstock; Mr. John Walsh, 1875, Frederick; Mr. John F. Hallahan, 1876, Frederick; Mr. Michael P. Walsh, 1876, Frederick; Mr. Martin J. O'Neill, 1876, Frederick; Mr. John J. Lees, 1876, Woodstock; Mr. Thomas H. Kane, 1878, Frederick; Mr. Daniel A. Keating, 1879, St. Thomas', Md.; Mr. Michael S. Murphy, 1880, Frederick; Mr. John M. Murphy, 1880, Georgetown; Mr. John A. Gillespie, 1880, Baltimore; Mr. Francis B. Moyer, 1881, Boston; Mr. Thomas Fenton, 1883, St. Lawrence's, New York.

Brothers—Br. John O'Reilly, 1871, Frederick; Br. Daniel Connelly, 1871, Georgetown; Br. John Kelly, 1872, Worcester; Br. Patrick McLaughlin, 1872, Worcester; Br. Michael Farrell, 1873, St. Thomas', Md.; Br. Owen McCann, 1873, Baltimore; Br. Timothy Brosnan, 1873, Frederick; Br. Michael McElroy, 1874, Frederick; Br. Thomas McMahon, 1875, Boston; Br. Michael Redmond, 1876, Philadelphia; Br. James Bergen, 1878, Worcester; Br. Thomas Casey, 1879, Baltimore; Br. Andrew Tragsail, 1879, New York; Br. John Callaghan, 1879, New York; Br. John Derks, 1880, Frederick; Br. Thomas O'Connor, 1880, Georgetown; Br. Edward B. O'Kelly, 1881, Boston; Br. Philip Ledoré, 1881, Fordham; Br. Michael O'Sullivan, 1881, Worcester; Br. Anthony Romano, 1882, Baltimore; Br. Jos. Brembacher, 1882, Gosh-

enhoppen; Br. Francis McClosky, 1883, New York; Br. Thaddeus Begley, 1883, Frederick; Br. Richard Purcell, 1883, Manresa, New York; Br. Bartholomew Doyle, 1883, Baltimore; Br. John O'Sullivan, 1884, Frederick; Br. Michael Foley, 1884, Baltimore; Br. Nicholas Litique, 1885, New York; Br. John Brady, 1885, New York; Br. James McCloskey, 1885, Boston; Br. John Welsh, 1885, New York; Br. John Cullen, 1885, Jersey City; Br. Thaddeus McKenna, 1886, Georgetown; Br. John Lynch, 1886, Boston; Br. Daniel Clarke, 1886, Georgetown; Br. Matthew Gilshannen, 1886, Georgetown; Br. Nicholas Schu, 1886, Baltimore; Br. Charles Brendle, 1887, St. Lawrence's, New York; Br. John Daly, 1887, Georgetown; Br. Timothy McNamara, 1887, Montreal.

At the same time that we are undertaking this work of love for our own province, we shall be glad if some one in the Missouri Province, and in the other American missions, will take advantage of this opportunity to make this Biographical Supplement so complete, that at least a brief notice of every member of the Society who has died in America since 1871, may be found in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

OBITUARY.

Br. James Kénealy.

Br. James Kenealy was the fifth member of the Cincinnati community to pass from earth to heaven within the space of less than a year. He was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, October 16, 1849. His relatives were poor, and therefore he could not obtain the education which he so much desired. He obtained something better, however, than mere book-learning, through the care of his parents and his parish-priest—sincere piety and firm Irish faith, which did him good service afterwards.

At the age of eighteen he came to America, and settled first in New York City, but after a short time, at the solicitation of some of his friends, he came to Cincinnati. He soon obtained a place as coachman for a wealthy gentleman in the suburbs, and by his firmness in complying with the requirements of his religion, in spite of the stormy protests of his employer, he gained for himself the esteem and respect of the whole family. Many a time during this period he had to make no small sacrifice to be present at Mass or to attend to other spiritual duties; but, as he himself afterwards said, the consolations which God bestowed, as a partial reward for his generosity, made any sacrifice seem trivial.

After ten years spent in this way, he felt that God was calling him to a more perfect state of life, and he made haste to obey the divine call. The reading of the life of St. Aloysius was one of the principal instruments in disposing him for this step; hence he ever afterwards cherished a lively devotion for that amiable saint. He was received into the novitiate at Florissant, without further probation, on May 13, 1878, and entered at once on the duties of his noviceship with an earnestness which he preserved as a characteristic trait during the rest of his life. One who knew him intimately at Florissant says that charity, readiness and fitness for every kind of work, and a great love of prayer were remarkable in Br. Kenealy. His natural disposition was kind and gentle, and his considerateness for others was such, that he soon endeared himself to the whole community. He was ready for any occupation, and his love of prayer was so great that, after being relieved of the duties of *excitator*, on account of his failing health, he begged the superior to allow him to rise, as formerly, before the community, in order that he might make

an hour's meditation before the rest were called. So strong was his desire to spend some extra time before the Blessed Sacrament, without encroaching on the duties of his office, and so fervent was his pleading, that the superior found it difficult to refuse.

In the autumn of 1882, he was sent to Cincinnati and made sacristan of our parish church, an office which he filled to the greatest satisfaction until he could work no longer. His duties at first were anything but attractive. St. Xavier's Church was a scorched and disfigured ruin, and the work of clearing away the debris and restoring the building to its former splendor had just commenced. Gradually the restoration was effected, and within a year the new St. Xavier's rose from the ashes of the old. The interior renovation was accomplished more slowly; but one after another the fine marble altars of the sanctuary were erected and became with other parts of the church the objects of Br. Kenealy's vigorous care. He organized an acolythical society among the boys of the parish school. His success in keeping this society in a flourishing condition, and his influence over the boys were extraordinary. One of our fathers says of him: "Br. Kenealy was a model sacristan in every way. Cincinnati is one of the smokiest cities in the world; you cannot take up a book that has been lying on your table for half a day, without soiling your hands; yet I have seldom seen, even in country convents, a sacristy with which, for neatness, and absence of dust and soot, Br. Kenealy's would not compare favorably. I have never known his equal in training altar boys. The boys had implicit confidence in him, and submitted all their disputes to him as final arbitrator. It was very amusing to watch the seriousness with which he acted as umpire in the games of base-ball which he got up to keep the servers off the streets on Sunday afternoons. He used his influence with the boys to promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the frequentation of the sacraments, and with such success that many of the larger lads became weekly communicants. He spent the time of recreation in making or repairing beads for externs, and when obliged to receive any offerings for this work, he devoted them, with permission of the superior, to buying cassocks or other articles for the servers at Mass."

On August 15, 1888, he made his last vows. For some time before this, it was noticed that he suffered from a hard cough. Though he made very little of it, he was steadily growing weaker; and on Sept. 29th, he was obliged to take to his bed. He might well say, *Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.* Although, after several weeks, he was able to sit up, there was no hope of his recovery. His greatest cross was his forced inactivity; but recollecting that the best we can do for God is to perform his divine will, he conformed himself without trouble to the guidance of Providence. He assured sev-

eral of his brethren that, if he were to follow the promptings of his heart, he would ask for death, but he deemed it more perfect to ask for neither life nor death. Nevertheless, in the spirit of obedience, he made a novena with the other members of the community, for a speedy and complete restoration of health. Several violent hemorrhages dispelled all hope of his recovery, and he slowly wasted away, worn out by the racking cough which tormented him by day and night. His brethren, who frequently visited him, found great edification in his cheerful patience and resignation. Death, which had no terrors for him, was a frequent subject of his conversation. The end came at last on the 30th of April, and Br. Kenealy obtained what he valued so much and had prayed for so earnestly—the privilege of dying in the Society.—R. I. P.

Fr. John Cunningham.

Father John Cunningham was born Dec. 30, 1824, in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, Mountrath, Queen's Co., Ireland. At an early age he came to Canada, and, when fifteen, entered the college of the Sulpitians in Montreal, to make the full classical course of seven years. After two years of mental philosophy and ethics, he began the study of theology in the *Grand Seminaire*, and two years later, on receiving minor orders, he applied for admission into the Society. He was admitted by Fr. George Schneider, then master of novices, but being needed by the Sulpitian Fathers to conduct their English studies, he could not enter until a year later, in the September of 1849. He began his noviceship in the house of M. Rodier of Montreal, and finished it in our college there, taking his vows on Sept. 8, 1851. After teaching a commercial class and prefecting at our college in Fordham for two years, he reviewed his theology during the two following years, and was ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes of New York, Aug. 17, 1855. The following year he was again a prefect at Fordham. After teaching middle grammar there, for a year and a half, he was called to New York in the early part of 1858 to take the class of humanities. This he taught four years and a half, after which he was appointed professor of rhetoric. He began his third year of probation in 1864, at Sault au Récollet, under the instructorship of Fr. James Perron. After a year spent in teaching humanities in Fordham, he made his last vows, Aug. 15, 1866. For the two years following he taught rhetoric in that college, and in 1868, he was again appointed to teach humanities in St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. There he remained until 1874, and after two years at Fordham, thither he returned again in 1876, teaching at various times the classes of humanities, rhetoric, and special Latin. He was professor of Latin in the short-lived *collegium inchoatum* in Troy, during the school year beginning 1877.

Returning to St. Francis Xavier's in 1878, he again taught humanities there until 1880, when he was sent to take special Latin class in St. Peter's, Jersey City. After two years, ill health forced him to leave the classroom and so bring to a close a career of teaching which had lasted upwards of thirty years. The following year he spent as confessor, but from the summer of 1883 until his death, his bodily and mental powers were so impaired that he could no longer work or lead the ordinary community life. He spent these years in L'Hospice de S. Jean de Dieu, Longue Pointe, near Montreal, P. Q., where he died peacefully in the Lord, on May 20, 1889.

Father Cunningham, as a teacher, spared no pains to further the training of his pupils. The vigor and activity of his earlier life were faithfully employed in devising means to relieve the drudgery of the classroom, and these stood him in good stead in his declining years. His simple diagrams of the more difficult declensions and conjugations facilitated the first steps of many a grammar pupil, and his careful translations, and tasteful models were at once the help and admiration of the students of riper years. Like a true Jesuit, he showed much more solicitude for the souls than for the minds of his pupils, and this zeal of his led superiors to employ him as director of sodalities and confessor of boys and young men, until ill health unfitted him for the work. He lost no occasion of showing his interest in the spiritual welfare of his charges, and howsoever importunate he may have seemed when doing so, they never disliked him for it, but grew to love him more and more every year. His infirmities in the decline of life were very painful, but he bore them in patience and humility, the object of sympathy and prayers which his zeal and sincerity had won for him everywhere.—R. I. P.

Br. Patrick O'Hara.

Br. Patrick O'Hara died in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, on Monday, June 24, 1889, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon. Brother O'Hara was born in Ireland on the seventeenth of March 1839. When a grown boy, he went to reside in Liverpool; and about the year 1863 came to the United States. He entered the novitiate on September 4, 1867, at the age of twenty-seven years. At the time when he decided to devote his life to the service of God in the Society of Jesus, he was filling a prominent position as machinist in the city of Cincinnati.

During his noviceship he was a model of silence and of exactness. He was without human respect, and was at the same time always cheerful and full of humor. In the twenty-two years of his religious life, Brother O'Hara lost nothing of the amiable religious spirit he manifested in his noviceship. He filled many positions; was, in turn, machinist, clothes-

keeper, refectorian, carpenter; and he turned from one occupation to the other with a joyfulness which showed that he recognized and kept always before his mind the supernatural nature of his vocation.

For several years before his death Brother O'Hara had been afflicted with epilepsy. But he went about his work fearlessly, with implicit confidence that God who permitted his affliction would preserve him from all danger. He was exact in all things, and was usually first at every exercise. He was a very early riser, and was eager to serve several Masses every day. On June 13, Father Minister not finding Brother O'Hara ready in the sacristy to serve an early Mass, concluded that he was unwell, and on going to his room found him sitting on a chair and breathing with great difficulty. He signified that he was suffering intense pain in the head, and was taken at once to the infirmary. The physician was called, and pronounced the illness to be enlargement of the heart.

During his short illness of eleven days, Brother O'Hara suffered excruciating pains in the head and the region of the heart. But he did not murmur. When asked if his pain was great, he replied, with his accustomed humor, that it was "enough to crack a bottle." His agony was long; but he was strengthened by the sacraments for which he himself had asked in time, that he might be ready for the struggle. May he rest in peace.

Fr. James Curley.

At Georgetown College, on the 24th day of July, 1889, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-three years, in the sixty-second year of his religious life, the fifty-eighth of his connection with Georgetown College, and the fifty-seventh of his priesthood, died Fr. James Curley.

As we hope to publish in a future number of the LETTERS the recollections of those whose happiness it was to know Fr. Curley personally, we shall content ourselves for the present with giving only an outline of his career, and a few details about his death. "His life was so placid," writes an old student of Georgetown, "that but little is found in it to supply colors for a vivid picture. The traditionary hero, somebody has said, breaks upon us like the rugged mountain peak or plunging cataract. Not so Fr. Curley. His life was like the soft landscape, without striking features, but harmonious in all its parts, and presents a picture of such rare simplicity and delightful unity, that the eye of an artist can alone contemplate it and appreciate it fully and completely."

Father Curly was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, on Oct. 25, 1796. His father died when he was quite young, and

his earlier education was confined to the simplest rudiments of English. A little later, however, a professor of mathematics in his town discovered in him a wonderful taste for that branch, in which he afterwards became famous. He left Ireland in 1817, and arrived in Philadelphia on the 10th of October of that year. There he worked for two years as book-keeper. He afterwards taught mathematics for some time in Frederick, Md. In 1826, he came to Washington and began the study of Latin in the Catholic Seminary with a view to preparing himself for the priesthood. At the same time he taught a class in the seminary, and one of his pupils was James A. Ward, the present venerable rector of the novitiate at Frederick and socius of the provincial. After the close of the seminary, he applied for admission to the Society, and began his noviceship at Georgetown on Sept. 29, 1827. At the end of his two years of probation, in Aug. 1829, he was sent to Frederick to teach. He took his first vows on Oct. 10th of that year, and returned to Georgetown in the spring of 1831. In September of that year he began to teach natural philosophy, studying moral theology at the same time. It was shortly after this, on Dec. 21, 1832, that he became a naturalized American citizen. In the following year, he was ordained subdeacon on May 29th, deacon on May 31st, and priest on the 1st of June. His first Mass was said on Corpus Christi in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, which he continued to attend as chaplain for fifty years. During nearly all this time, for the space of forty-eight years, he taught mathematics and astronomy at the college. He drew up the plans and superintended the work of establishing the college observatory, and made many valuable contributions to science. Among these may be mentioned his correction of the computation for the meridian of Washington. The observations which he then made, half a century ago, have been officially verified by the government astronomers. He was socius and procurator of the province from Sept. 12, 1850 to 1860, under three successive provincials, FF. Brocard, Stonestreet, and Villiger. It was he who established the green-house of the college, which he made a means of perfecting his skill as a botanist. His interest in this branch was active even to the last days of his life. Toiling along on his crutches, when he became no longer able to move about without them, he went daily to visit these old friends, and when some very rare one bloomed he brought the flower to the fathers' recreation-room, that others might share his delight. He was very fond also of visiting the government botanical gardens, to observe the progress of some special botanical pets in which he had taken an interest for years.

The last class that Fr. Curley taught was the Class of '79. Among the papers found after his death was a list of this and all his previous classes from 1831. That their faces and rec-

ords were preserved in his memory, he proved to every one of them that ever returned to visit the college. It might be that decades of years had passed, and that the boy was now a grandsire, but in a moment after hearing his name, Fr. Curley, his own face brightening with that indescribable expression of childlike joy so familiar to those who have lived with him, would go back with his former pupil to the days of long ago, assemble again the class, perhaps, of '35 or '40, surround this group with the faculty and college "characters" of that day, and astonish all listeners with his wonderful store of information about each and every one of those whose good fortune it was to have been "his boys." But this is a phase of his character which, doubtless, will be better touched upon by those who will give us their personal recollections of him. We shall now tell, in the words of the *College Journal* the story of his last days on earth.

"In February last he slipped and fell on the stairs that lead from the college infirmary to the students' chapel. He recovered sufficiently from this to appear in public once or twice during the centennial celebration; but the shock resulting from this fall, and a cold brought on by passing from the warm reception-rooms of the college to the cool air of the corridors, made rapid inroads into a system already enfeebled by old age. His stubborn constitution, however, and high degree of vitality bore him up in the struggle for life, until far into the summer. In July, he was attacked by malaria, and then he began to sink so rapidly that extreme unction was administered. His mind remained clear and vigorous until a week before his death. Then intervals of delirium began, during which his mind wandered back over the earlier years of his connection with the college, and he held imaginary conversations with FF. Ryder and Mulledy, who were presidents of the college many years ago. These deliriums, however, lasted but a short time, and up to his last moments his mind was generally clear.

"On Wednesday, February 23rd, it became evident that his end was approaching, and the watchers at his bedside grew anxiously attentive. Early on the afternoon of the 24th, a sudden change for the worse was noticed; Fr. Fox was called, and the prayers for the dying were recited. The prayers were hardly ended when, dropping his head on his breast, and drawing a long breath, almost a sigh, he passed peacefully away.

"On Friday morning, his remains were laid in the reception-room of the new building, whither many of his friends came to take a last look at their father and friend. At ten o'clock, the funeral procession, composed of fathers of the college, visiting clergy, scholastics, and brothers, started for Trinity Church, Georgetown, where the Office of the Dead was recited, and a low Mass of Requiem offered for the repose of his soul. The celebrant of the Mass was Fr. William F. Clarke, George-

town's oldest living graduate. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, kindly assisted at the Mass and pronounced the last absolution. The funeral procession, chanting the *Benedictus*, then returned to the college grounds, where the venerable father's remains were laid to rest in the college cemetery."—R. I. P.

Mr. Patrick J. O'Sullivan.

On Tuesday morning, August 13, we laid away to rest, in the little cemetery at Woodstock, the mortal remains of our dear brother, Mr. Patrick J. O'Sullivan. The crown of suffering, which he had worn for four years, had at last blossomed into a crown of glory and a garland of joy. The Master's voice, that four years before had called him away from an active life, to stand and wait, was heard again summoning him from his post of heroic inaction, where he had stood so bravely teaching us the hard lesson of cheerful and courageous patience under the chastening rod of our kind Father.

Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan was born in Valentia, Ireland, March 10, 1853. While he was yet a child, his parents came to this country and made their home in Norwich, Conn. He received his early education at the Norwich Academy. In 1871 he went to Nicolet, Canada, but remained only a year. The following year he was at Montreal College, and in 1877 he graduated from there to the Grand Seminary. After two years of seminary life, as the time drew near for him to receive subdeaconship, he began to be troubled about his vocation. His confessor, discovering unmistakable signs of a religious vocation, advised him to make a retreat under one of our fathers. In that retreat it became manifest that it was God's will for him to enter the Society. This new step entailed many sacrifices; but nothing could shake him in his vocation. In the fall of 1879, he left home, and entered the novitiate at Frederick on the 9th of October. His career as a student, at the Norwich Academy, Nicolet, and Montreal, had been a very brilliant one. He secured the first places in his classes, and carried off the most valuable prizes. At the Grand Seminary he had made quite a reputation, and was one of the thirteen who belonged to a famous literary society called the *Columbian*. Under the influence of the novice life, the full beauty of his character soon developed itself. Older than most of the novices, he was remarkable among them all for his childlike ways and unaffected humility. He made himself companionable to all, and the youngest novice enjoyed his company the most.

After the two years of noviceship, he was appointed professor of the juniors—a very strong proof of the esteem in which he was held by his superiors, both as a religious and as a scholar. Not one of those who were under him in the juniorate ever spoke but in words of the highest praise of the

dear old *Domine*, as they called him. In Sept. 1883, he was sent to teach rhetoric in Boston College. Those who taught with him there know how well he succeeded in this arduous task. The energy and life that he put into his work, and the interest that he showed in every member of his class made him beloved of all. It was a part of his kindly nature to encourage, not to crush any one with harshness. Though he was strict in exacting class duties, yet he never forgot to lift up the faint-hearted and cheer them on, and no one could ever charge him with discouraging the slowest scholar in his class.

In September 1885, he started on his fifth year of teaching; but his scholastic work was over forever. In the midst of his useful labors, in the prime of his manhood, he was stricken down by paralysis, and forced to abandon the classroom. The history of the next four years is hidden with the gentle Master who clothed his servant with the ornaments of sorrow and pain. After spending some months in New York under medical treatment, Mr. O'Sullivan came to Woodstock, and lived among us for three years. The words that he had best learnt again to pronounce were *patience* and *courage*. How often we spoke pityingly of his fate, while he prayed on and hoped on, persuading many of us that he would be back in our ranks again. But God was pleased to accept the good will of his faithful servant without imposing the burden of an active life. When we were not expecting it, the end came suddenly. On his return to Woodstock from the villa, the change in his appearance became quite marked. Exercise had been everything to him, and now he was obliged to keep to his room. We had scarcely missed him from his usual walks when we heard that the last sacraments were being administered to him. His poor heart was worn out; no power of medicine could save him. Weary with the struggle, he seemed as eager to die, as he had been, till then, anxious to live and recover and resume his work. During the last few days of his life, he maintained the same wonderful courage and patience that he had shown during his long illness. That innocent mirth which had so often amused us did not forsake him to the last. On Monday morning, Aug. 12, about 5.15, while the prayers for the dying were being recited, without any struggle or agony, the weary sufferer sank back into the arms of the Brother Infirmarian, and died like a tired child falling asleep.—R. I. P.

Br. Julius Macé.

On the morning of the 13th of August, Br. Macé died piously in the Lord at St. John's College, Fordham. Born in Brittany, he possessed to the full the virtues that are traditional in that province, tender piety, great simplicity, and a strong spirit of faith. From his childhood he was devoted to

music, and his talent for the piano was so marked, that he was sent to the Conservatory at Paris, to finish his studies. Here he attracted the attention of men like Bertini, Gottschalk and Thalberg, and for awhile his future career seemed to be assured; but a bitter disappointment he met with, so the story runs, disgusted him with the world, and in company with a fellow artist he determined to enter the Society. The two presented themselves at St. Acheul and asked to be admitted as brothers. The superiors, knowing what they had been, offered to admit them as scholastics, though they had made no regular studies. His companion accepted the offer, but Br. Macé asked for himself only a life of humble obscurity.

About the end of his first year of noviceship, he was sent with three fathers and four brothers to New York, where our fathers were but just settled. They sailed from Havre on the 2d of May 1848, and reached their destination on the 1st of June. Of the party only one is living, Brother Risler of St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. He relates two incidents, that have remained fixed in his mind through all these years. The first is, that when they reached our house, which was then on Third Avenue and known as the School of the Holy Name, Fr. Nash who received them gave them some beer, which tasted very strange to their French palates. The other incident was, that Br. Macé went out into the city and got lost, reaching Fordham very late at night. Those who knew Br. Macé will recognize in this a characteristic trait.

He finished his noviceship in Fordham, under Father Legouais, and from that time he was never moved from the college. He taught music there for nearly forty years, and during the same time was organist in the parish church and in the boys' chapel. He suffered for many years from drowsiness. Everywhere and at all times, he was liable to fall asleep. This was sometimes embarrassing, especially when a High Mass was in progress; for if the prefect of music were not watchful, Br. Macé would fall asleep, though his fingers still wandered mechanically over the keys, with a result sometimes that had not been foreseen in the rehearsals. His duties as professor of music never made an excuse to obtain exemptions from the humble offices of the brothers. When not occupied in giving lessons, he could always be found in the scullery or refectory, until his fingers began to grow stiff, from the repeated immersion in hot water. He then asked to be allowed to devote his spare time to chopping wood; and it was an edifying sight to see this old brother going from the music-rooms to the barn, and returning with a handcart full of wood for the bake-shop. For many years he ate no meat and took but two meals a day. During his last illness, he edified all who visited him by his patience, and the humble gratitude with which he recognized all that was done for him. Two days before his death, he marked down his particular examen. He was eccentric in many ways, but his

eccentricities were never disedifying. He suffered much in his life, from complaints which caused him to be bent almost double, but no one ever heard him complaining. In his patience, his humility, and his conscientious discharge of the office entrusted to him, he may well be offered as a model to all.—R. I. P.

Father Bernard Toale.

After weary years of suffering, borne with unalterable patience, Fr. Bernard Toale died in the novitiate, Frederick, Maryland, on Monday, September 9th, in the 59th year of his age, and his 38th in the Society.

Born in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, on the 17th of May 1831, he came to America in his 22nd year, and as he had completed his classical studies in his native land, he was able to enter the novitiate at Frederick shortly after his arrival, May 28, 1852. His fellow-novices bore the same testimony as his colaborers of later times—that his unaffected piety, constant serenity of mind, and never failing though well-timed display of humor, made him a general favorite and a source of edification to the community.

His noviceship over, he was considered competent to assume, without further preparation, the charge of a class in one of our colleges; and accordingly, in August 1854, he was sent to teach one of the grammar classes in the Old Seminary at Washington, afterwards called Gonzaga College. The two following years he spent in St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Penn. In the autumn of 1857, we find him at Worcester, Mass., where he passed his fourth and last year of regency. Those who were associated with him during this period speak of him as a successful teacher. He had complete control of his pupils without any great display of authority. His equable temper and ready wit stood him in good stead in every emergency. Where a harsh reprimand might have failed of effect, in crushing any inopportune display of American independence, a sally of wit at the offender's expense would reduce him to shame and submission. Nor did he lack the faculty of imparting knowledge. He was ever ready to avail himself of many little artifices, whereby, while making the matter clear, he was able to excite the interest of the students, and arouse within them a laudable ambition.

In 1858, he was transferred to Georgetown to study his philosophy, going thence to Boston in 1860, when the scholasticate was removed to Boston College, to pursue his theological studies. In the summer of 1863 he was raised to the priesthood in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. His first mission was at St. Inigo's, Md., where he remained one year, after which he was stationed at St. Mary's Church, Alexandria, Virginia. Here he remained

from 1864 to 1870, when he was sent to Frederick for his third year of probation, returning again to Alexandria in 1871.

His long stay in Alexandria gives evidence of his success as a pastor. He was highly esteemed as a confessor, while his tender sympathy for the sick and the poor won all hearts to him. He was no orator, it is true, but in his discourses he would make at times some delicious home-thrusts, under cover of a delicate humor, that rendered his remarks most effective for the cure of souls, while giving offence to none. In 1872, he went to St. Thomas', Maryland, whence he was removed the following year to aid Fr. Vigilante at St. Inigo's, remaining there two years. This was before the opening of the Woodstock Villa. A few of the Woodstock scholastics, however, spent their vacations there, and found him a most enjoyable companion. They were wont to ply him with questions calculated to bring into play his ready humor, and the replies, whenever they were prefaced by a softly intoned "Yes, child," were sure by their wit to afford much amusement to the listeners.

During the last year of his stay at St. Inigo's, he was afflicted by a frequent recurrence of chills and fever, and began to suffer from a distressing form of asthma, accompanied by heart failure, which gave him little rest day or night. He was on this account removed to Frederick in 1875, that he might receive all possible medical aid. Here he remained until his death; and though able, for the first few years, to do some missionary labor, he was forced at length to give up all active work in the ministry. The brother who cared for him, during these fourteen years of his stay in Frederick, testifies that, though his sufferings caused him to undergo a species of martyrdom, especially during the last three months of his life, yet his serenity of mind never deserted him, nor did a complaint ever escape his lips. He offered the Holy Sacrifice daily, and was present at all the community exercises till three months before his death, edifying all by his heroic patience.

Thus were his last days made precious in the sight of God, thus did they forestall, we may hope, the purging flames, rendering his death a mere passage from long suffering to eternal joy.—R. I. P.

Mr. George A. Mulry.

Mr. George A. Mulry was born in New York City, Sept. 26, 1862. He entered the novitiate at West Park, July 30, 1880. After a two years' juniorate at Frederick, and two years and a half of philosophy at Woodstock, his health failing, he was sent to Fordham where he died on the 1st of October of the present year, having passed in the Society seven years of physical suffering and heroic endurance. The circumstances at-

tending his death were the crowning trial of a life of resignation. He had passed his examination *ad audiendas*, and preparations were made for ordination when the last illness came; and though the hope and happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice had been his only tie to life for years past, yet, when the call came, he yielded with beautiful, characteristic resignation. The following notes of his last retreat, a month before his death, seem to imply a suspicion of what was coming: "*Pauci ex infirmitate meliorantur.* Infirmity will be mine to the end. I thank you, my God; but it is yours to reverse this in my case."—"*Si tu scis tacere et pati, videbis procul dubio auxilium Domini.* This does not mean to give a diagnosis of your disease to every passer-by. *Tace.*"—"I am satisfied to die as soon as God wills; I do not ask for life prolonged, but only for intensity in his service during the short time remaining."

Mr. Mulry's fellow-novices and juniors will recall with pleasure the sterling qualities which developed into real solid virtues as time went on, and as his patience and resignation were more sorely tried. As for his career at Fordham, the short space allowed an obituary notice cannot contain a bare enumeration of the good things he did there during the last years of his life; much less the high tributes of esteem and affection which he won from every one by his continual, self-sacrificing charity, the spiritual turn which he gave to all the dry details of college duties, and the example of his beautiful, patient life. Many of us remember the wet, dismal day in February, on which he came to Fordham, with the doctor's assurance that he could not live through the following spring. Yet, during that spring, he did active prefect work, kept the record of monthly marks of all the classes, introduced the League of the Sacred Heart, and organized an association among the workingmen. As this last was a beautiful example of Mr. Mulry's sympathy for the neglected in general, it may not be amiss to dwell on it. He had noticed that there was room for improvement in the condition of the men. With this in view, he obtained the necessary permission, called the men together, and with their willing consent, drew up a set of rules, the first of which was that all should receive Communion monthly and join the League of the Sacred Heart. The residence of the men was renovated from top to bottom, a reading-room fixed up, and the following St. Patrick's day selected to commemorate the founding of the society. The men will not readily forget that day. There was a workman newly arrived from France, who had brought with him a marvellously fashioned horn, on which he played the appropriate air to the immense delight of the whole society. Speeches were made, stories told, and refreshments taken. Mr. Mulry ended with a tenderly pious and practical address. The League of the Sacred Heart was introduced among the boys under somewhat difficult circum-

stances. It was feared by many that the boys would not look with favor on the intention boxes which it was proposed to place in the different study halls. Still, with characteristic perseverance, Mr. Mulry called some of the more influential boys together, got them interested in the good work, and when in due time the boxes were placed in the study halls, they were found hardly large enough to contain the weekly written intentions and offerings. The boys wore the badge of the Sacred Heart openly and with pride, and a visible, palpable blessing from heaven was the result. It was in works of this kind, in exciting and fostering piety among the boys, that Mr. Mulry's ingenuity and perseverance were at their best.

In the May following the unveiling of Our Lady's statue in the college quadrangle, he started the custom, since continued, of having the evening devotions around the statue in the open air. He managed to so interest the sodality boys, that they went to great pains and sacrifice in arranging the decorations for each succeeding Saturday. The last evening of May 1888 will be memorable in the annals of the college. The whole yard was ablaze with lights and decorations. The boys sang the *Magnificat* with the immemorial ring. Fr. Cassidy read the Act of Consecration, and Rev. Fr. Campbell, who had just been appointed Provincial, gave his parting address to the boys. And all the while, the laborious originator of the celebration was in the background, waiting for the unpoetical work of clearing away candles and Chinese lanterns.

Mr. Mulry had charge of the senior sodality until his voice failed. He still continued, however, to infuse enthusiasm into the pious organizations with which he had been connected. Writing to his brother about this time, he says: "Just before Christmas a severe cold took a tiger-like grip of the throat; for two months I whispered . . . . I often go back over these past few years, and wonder—with an almost scared kind of feeling—why the Master has dealt so tenderly with unworthy me, and yet in a way so very different from the human. In a human way, what would make life bearable would be the hope of doing good in the pulpit line. God tramples on the human. He has put his hand on this poor little throat and said, 'Be still!' " This letter was written from St. Thomas', where he spent two months of last spring. A scholastic who was with him, writes: "Every Saturday he had a class of a dozen or more boys, who came for instruction. I often heard it said that the boys would do anything for Mr. Mulry. . . . One would imagine from the work he used to do that he was trying to persuade himself that he was not sick. During the month of May he made a large grotto, for which he procured some Lourdes water. The beautiful grotto, an unwonted surprise to the people, served not a little to increase devotion during the month."

Of his last moments, a scholastic who was with him to the end, writes: "He spoke joyously and happily whenever he could get breath enough to put a few words together. He remarked that his grandmother had received extreme unction nine times,—that this was his first. He was anxious to have the brother read to him during the afternoon from the lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. When I reminded him that his Communion of the morning was a Communion of reparation, he answered, that it was also his *viaticum*, showing thereby that he was quite conscious of death's approach . . . . After supper I asked Fr. Minister's permission to spend the night with him, and leave being granted I started at once to the death-bed of that saintly scholastic . . . . All during my stay at his side he was giving expression to the most beautiful thoughts, in broken and scarcely audible utterances. The most beautiful and certainly the most impassioned thing he said was his answer to a brother who suggested that some one should sit by his bedside during the night. 'Oh, nonsense! no need!' and raising his crucifix quite high, and looking at the image of Christ crucified, he exclaimed, 'This is company enough for any man through the hours of the night' . . . . I could hardly keep from weeping when I witnessed the cheerful earnestness with which he whispered his thankfulness to me at every touch of my hand, as I smoothed his pillow or wiped away the heavy perspiration from his forehead."

Those of us who had the happiness of knowing and living with Mr. Mulry, will always remember the bright example of his irreproachable life, while some must in gratitude treasure and cherish the memory of his encouragement in times of trouble; for his heart went out to those in trouble; and thus while we pray for him we will also pray to him, that his prayers and sympathy, of which he was so lavish in life, may remain with us for a stay and comfort until we follow him.—R. I. P.

VARIA.

Alaska.—The request for another missionary, expressed by Fr. Tosi in his diary and by Fr. Tréca in his letters, in the present number of the LETTERS, has been granted. Fr. Cataldo has sent to their aid Fr. Muset, who left Woodstock last year.

Albania.—Besides the seminary, the commercial institute, the sodalities, etc., a mission has just been established among the people living in the mountains. This is in charge of FF. Pasi and Jungg. The people are entirely ignorant of the truths of religion.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Belgium.—On the death of Fr. Carbonelle, the scientific association of Brussels asked the Society to appoint another father in his place, and named Fr. Thirion. The matter is in the hands of superiors, and they will probably decline the favor.—The province of Belgium has sent this year twenty more missionaries to Bengal.—*Fr. Pfister.*

In our college at Louvain, Fr. Van den Acker, for so many years professor of moral theology, has been succeeded by Fr. Houze. The Bollandist Fr. Van den Gheyn is professor of Sanscrit at the Catholic University of Paris. The number of conversions in India is increasing in a miraculous way; the superior of the mission, Fr. Grosjean, expects that next year it will reach 200,000 in the division of Chota-Nagpore. Fr. General has sent the mission 10,000 francs, and a Catholic in Antwerp has sent 40,000 francs. 163 members of the province have applied for this mission. All the boys in the college are interested in the work. Each college proposed to build a chapel in India to be named after the college, and the boys have organized associations to collect the money for this purpose.

Bibliography.—The *Catalogus Librorum* of the Catholic mission of Zi-ka-wei, for 1889, contains the following recent publications of our fathers in China:—

Omnium rerum verum principium, auctore P. Julio Aleni, S. J.—1 vol., 25 pp., 8vo., 1889.

Selecta doctrinarum fundamentalium collectio, 8 vols.—The 5th, 6th, and 8th vols. are by Fr. Lawrence Ly, the 7th by Fr. Vagnoni, and the others by Fr. Aleni. Br. Lieu has illustrated the work.—643 pp., 4to., 1888.

Explicatio Mysteriorum SS. Rosarii, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—1 vol., 111 pp., 12mo., 1888.

Accurata explicatio doctrinæ Catholicæ, auctore P. Twrdy, S. J.—2 vols., 188 pp., 12mo., 1888.

Brevis historia Passionis D. N. J. C., auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—1 vol., 15 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Speculum virtutum, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—An illustrated life of the Blessed Virgin, with 31 meditations.—1 vol., 102 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Tractus de SS. Sacramento, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—On the love of Christ for us, Holy Communion, and visits to the Blessed Sacrament.—1 vol., 80 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Rationum naturalium recta explanatio, auctore P. Alexandro de la Charme, S. J.—A refutation of the errors of Chinese philosophers, and an explanation of the true doctrine on the soul, on merit, the Incarnation, and the Church. 4 vols., 315 pp., 8vo., 1889.

Laacher-Stimmen—Ergänzungsheft, 44.—Astronomy and Assyriology seem to have very little in common; but they had to go hand in hand to render the above publication possible. Without the astronomical calculations of Father J. Epping, Father J. N. Strassmaier would have been unable to copy and translate correctly the two Assyrian planet-tables; and without the aid of the experienced Assyriologist, the astronomer would never have succeeded in attaining the great results published in the *Ergänzungsheft,* n. 44. By this work, two questions are now settled with certainty: 1) What did the Babylonians know about the starry heaven? 2) How did they reckon time? The answer to these questions and the correct reading of two cuneiform inscriptions will never interest many; but the more credit is due to FF. Strassmaier and Epping for publishing *Astronomisches aus Babylon.*

Fr. Bucceroni has just published a new edition of the compendium of the privileges of the Society.

Ars Ignatiana, auctore Jacobo Nonell, S. J., Barcenone, F. Rosalis.—This excellent little work is written with the purpose of showing the meaning and connection of the different parts of the Exercises. It is not, therefore, a commentary like Fr. Roothaan's.

Spiritual Exercises, by Fr. Meschler.—Fr. Boursaud writes from Fiesole: "The Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises, by Fr. Meschler, is very much liked here. I showed the book to some of the procurators who know English, and they were much pleased with it. In fact, the book has been very favorably criticised by all those whom I have met and who had seen it."

The first volume of the *Sacred Heart Library* is out, as promised in the previous number of the LETTERS. The title is "The Apostleship of Prayer, by Fr. Henry Ramière, S. J.—A new translation, with notes, reference analyses, and index."

Fr. R. M. Galanti, our faithful correspondent in Brazil, published last year a work entitled: "Compendio de Historia Universal—Redigido por um professor segundo os ultimos programmas para os exames de preparatoires."

Fr. J. B. Archambault's "Notes on the Ratio Studiorum" were printed at Woodstock a few months ago. They make a 12mo of 59 pp. In the 1st part, the notes treat of the origin and aim of the Ratio; in the 2nd, the method of the Society in teaching the inferior schools; and in the 3rd, the practice of the Ratio in the inferior schools. There is also an appendix on the study of Greek, and another on the study of the vernacular and of the accessories.

Bollandists.—The Bollandist Fathers are at work on the life of St. Charles Borromeo. Fr. Van Ortroy, who has charge of the work, has been in Milan for over a year, where he is much honored by the ecclesiastical and secular authorities.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Canada.—St. Mary's College, Montreal, opened with 300 pupils. By the 1st of October the number had gone up to 362, of which 142 are boarders. Last year the average was 340. St. Boniface College, Manitoba, has 90 pupils.

The following is the passage in the Papal Brief *Jamdudum* (issued a few

months ago, with a view to the settlement of the Laval difficulties), which refers to St. Mary's, and which gives us the right to examine our own students for Laval degrees:—"Quoniam vero Collegium extat Monte Regis a *S. Maria* appellatum, quod regitur a religiosis sodalibus e Societate Jesu, et clarescit eximie præceptorum doctrina et auditorum frequentia, Nos, ne specialibus privilegiis quæ eidem Societati iamdiu ab Apostolica sede concessa sunt omnino derogetur, benigne indulgemus ut sodales ipsi examine instituto alumnorum suorum capiant, iisque quos probaverint scriptum testimonium præbeant, quo digni declarentur iis honoris gradibus qui iuvenibus pari peritia præditis conferuntur, ab Universitate Lavallensi in Collegiis eidem aggregatis. Quo exhibito testimonio, a Consilio, quod Universitati regendæ præest, diploma tradetur, quo eiusdem Universitatis alumni gradum illum adepti honestantur." On the strength of this decision, six students of St. Mary's College received their degrees last June—three B. A.; one B. Sc.; and two B. Litt. — There are twenty-five philosophers at the scholasticate. All the theologians have gone to Ireland; the tertians to England.—Fr. Devine was ordained priest July 14; Fr. Roux, Aug. 25.—Fr. Larcher, the veteran professor of rhetoric, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entry into the Society on Sept. 15. Prime Minister Mercier, one of his old pupils, recalled in a lengthy speech many anecdotes of Fr. Larcher's twenty-five years' reign in the chair of rhetoric. A despatch from Card. Rompolla brought the papal benediction to the venerable priest.

His Excellency the Governor General, while spending a few days at Winnipeg, Manitoba, visited the college of St. Boniface. He was received by the faculty and students with great loyalty and enthusiasm. The addresses which were read on the occasion were conceived in excellent taste, and fairly sparkled with respect for and devotion to the crown and to the dignity of Her Majesty, and with good will to her representative in Canada. His Excellency expressed the more than pleasure he experienced at the reception extended to him. This visit to St. Boniface must have been one of the most pleasing incidents of his stay in Winnipeg.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

The following item, taken from an interesting pamphlet containing the history of the Men's Sodality of Our Lady of Quebec, and found originally in the *Journal des Jésuites*, gives an account of the founding of probably the first sodality in America: "On Ash Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1657, two years before the coming of Mgr. de Laval-Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, Father Poncet S. J. held the first meeting of the sodalists of Our Lady, in his room at the college of Quebec. Twelve members were present, and among them Mr. Charles de Lauzon-Charny. Ten days later, on Feb. 24, the first solemn meeting took place at the college, in the chapel of the Sodality of Our Lady, and the first Mass was sung by the chaplain of the Ursulines, M. Vignard, who had been invited for the occasion. At this meeting Mr. Charles de Lauzon, Chevalier, Lord of Charny, and Grand Master of the Streams and Forests of New France, was elected prefect. His father, Mr. John de Lauzon, was then governor of Canada."

China.—Our missions in China have suffered much from the recent inundations. Our fathers showed themselves on all sides angels of charity in seeking to relieve the distressed, and their apostolic labors were crowned with great success.—By order of the emperor, a railroad is building in the North between Lu-keou-kiao (near Pekin) and Tcheng-ting-fou, and in the South between Han-keou and Sin-iang-tcheou (Hounan). The viceroys and

governors have been ordered to remove all obstacles, as it is the desire of the emperor that the work should be a success.—*Fr. Pfister.*

The catalogue of the mission of Nankin (Aug. 1889) shows a total of 152 members—111 priests, 16 scholastics, 24 brothers, and one bishop, Rt. Rev. Valentinus Garnier, Vicar-Apostolic of Nankin. Five members of this mission died during the past year: FF. Paul Billot, James Jacquet, Joseph Pittar, Edward Le Blond, and Charles Duronchoux. Fr. Pittar was a cousin of Mr. John Pittar of the Maryland New York Province. He and his brother John entered the Society together in the French Province. The two brothers were closely united in life, Fr. Joseph always helping Fr. John to bear his trials. It would seem that they did not wish death to keep them long apart, as Fr. John died in Galashields, Scotland, little more than a week after the death of Fr. Joseph.

Fr. Pfister gives the following statistics for the mission of Kiang-nan: 629 churches, 103,315 Christians, 6481 catechumens, 1833 baptisms of adults, 3421 baptisms of children of Christians, 35,860 baptisms of Pagan children, 69,653 annual confessions, 61,392 annual Communions. There are in this mission 1 vicar-apostolic, 103 European fathers, 29 native priests (14 of them Jesuits), 12 European scholastics, 19 coadjutor brothers, and 10 novices (5 schol. 5 coadj.). —The Sodality of the Sacred Heart numbers 15,885 members, that of Our Lady of Carmel 23,975, the Holy Rosary 7882, the Seven Dolours 883, the Annunciation 4087, the Immaculate Heart of Mary 15,329, the Holy Childhood 2131, the Holy Angels 1309, the Apostleship of Prayer 17,290, the Immaculate Conception 7139, and the Bona Mors 4961. The increase of Christians over the number of the previous year is 1976.

In the mission of Tche-ly (Prov. of Champagne) there are 1 bishop, 41 fathers, 1 scholastic, 8 coadjutor brothers, 6 secular priests, 388 churches, 36,859 Christians. Last year there were 610 baptisms of adults, and 11,818 of pagan children.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Denmark.—Our fathers have a residence, a college, and a church on one of the principal streets of Copenhagen. The college has about 60 students, many of whom are Protestants. Some time ago, the school authorities ordered us to send home all our Lutheran students. The order had to be obeyed. Only three of them left, however; the others were so unwilling to go, that their parents said they would rather sever connection with the Danish church than withdraw their children.—A cadet company has been formed among the students, under the name of the Guard of St. Canute. After a few months' drill, they marched through the streets of the capital, headed by a bugle and drum-corps, to the admiration of all beholders. The result was quite an increase of students, among them several Lutherans.—Our little church here can hold about 200 persons. The services attract a large crowd of Protestants, to the great disgust of the Protestant ministers, whose attacks on us are turned to the great glory of God. In December last, FF. Brinkmann and De Geyr, of Copenhagen, at the request of the vicar-apostolic of Norway, gave a mission of 15 days in Christiania. This vicar-apostolic displays great courage, and has just founded the first Catholic weekly, under the title of *The Jesuit.*—Last year, a Protestant minister, the provost Koford-Hansen, a man of great influence, publicly abjured Protestantism at Copenhagen; and his example has been followed by one eminent lawyer, 23 members of noble families, and 17 literary men.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Egypt.—Our fathers at Cairo have recently erected a large college; the solemn opening took place on Pentecost Sunday.—Nataryeh, a village about 12 miles from Cairo, the stopping-place of the Holy Family, is growing into a small city.—The two schools of our fathers at Minick (Upper Egypt) are in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the opposition of Protestants.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Fordham, N. Y.—St. John's has now 225 boarders and 52 day-scholars. The cadet corps numbers nearly 190, and application has been made to the government for the artillery to which they are entitled. — A two years' course of electrical engineering has been opened; and the laboratories for analytical chemistry have been doubled to accommodate the classes of Latin Philosophy, and Special Sciences.—The "evangelists," of whom mention has already been made in the LETTERS, have resumed their work on Randall's Island.—A sodality for day-scholars has been formed by Mr. George O'Connell. — The students' retreat, given by Fr. Smith, President of Loyola College, was a great success.

France.—On the 21st of last August, Fr. Æmilius Dupé and Messrs. A. Pfister, E. Sabouraud, J. de Quatrebarbe, and two other scholastics, all attached to the naval school of Jersey, while spending their vacation at their villa, Val Marie, in France, started out for a sail up the river Rance to Dinan. The boat was in charge of a good seaman, but the wind was high and the water rough, and a sudden squall struck the boat when nearly a hundred yards from the shore, throwing the seven passengers into the river. The boatman cried out "Help me; I don't know how to swim." Mr. de Quatrebarbe, who was an excellent swimmer, hurried to his aid. The boatman caught hold of his cassock, which was by itself a great encumbrance, and he was soon powerless. Mr. Sabouraud came to his aid, but he too was seized by the despairing boatman, and the three disappeared together. The four others tried to swim to the shore. Fr. Dupé, while passing one of the others, called to him for assistance; but the other was already exhausted and unable to help him; so, recommending his companions to call for help on the Sacred Heart, he soon sank, uttering fervent ejaculations to that Divine Heart under whose banner he had been wounded as a Papal Zouave, when fighting in the army of General de Charette. Mr. Pfister became exhausted and was drowned when so close to the shore that his feet could have rested on the bottom. The two others were saved, but they reached the shore completely exhausted. A few days afterwards, the five bodies were found. A monument was erected on the shore, under the direction of Gen. de Charette. The Papal Zouaves contributed a magnificent bronze crucifix for the monument. The ceremony at the unveiling of the monument was very imposing. About thirty priests were present and more than three thousand people. Fr. Dupé was 40 years old, Mr. Pfister 36, Mr. de Quatrebarbe 25, and Mr. Sabouraud 25. Mr. de Quatrebarbe was a brother of Francis de Quatrebarbe who died for the Pope at the battle of Monte Rotondo.

Paris.—At Paris, 116 students of our college in Rue des Postes passed the examination for St. Cyr.—Fr. Jovino of the province of Naples teaches Hebrew at Jersey in place of Fr. Méchineau.

Toulouse.—A house of retreat has been opened in the province of Toulouse, for which the members of the de Villèle family have generously offered their castle of Montbeson, near Montauban.

Lyons.—Fr. Roulleau, former Rector of Mold, has been appointed provincial of Lyons instead of Fr. Clairet. The novitiate of this province has so many novices that the house had to be enlarged.

Frederick, Md.—Fr. M. A. O'Kane has been transferred from the office of rector and master of novices to the college of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., where he replaces Fr. Cahill as president. He is replaced at Frederick by Fr. James A. Ward who still retains also the office of socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial.

Georgetown.—On the 1st of October, Georgetown College had 141 boarders, and 70 day-scholars and half boarders. The Gaston Memorial Hall is beginning to put on a finished appearance. The baseball field is being enlarged by the removal of the green-house and of the avenue of trees that led to the college walks.—Fr. Aloysius Rocoffort of Trinity Church will celebrate the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society on Oct. 22nd.

Two of the delegates of the Pan-American Congress, to be held in Washington in November, are graduates of Georgetown. They are F. C. C. Zegarra, LL. D., the Peruvian Minister, and Señor Jeronimo Zelaya, of Honduras.

Winter Course of Lectures.—About the middle of December, a course of lectures will begin in Gaston Memorial Hall. The first lecture will be given by Fr. Thomas E. Sherman, of Woodstock, on "Winds of Doctrine." The second will be by Rev. D. J. Stafford, professor of elocution in the diocesan seminary of Cleveland, Ohio, on "Eloquence in Shakspeare." Fr. J. G. Hagen, curator of the college observatory, will give the third lecture, on some astronomical subject. The fourth lecture, on some philosophical subject, will be by Fr. N. Russo, professor of philosophy at Georgetown. Mr. Martin F. Morris, LL. D., of the law faculty, will lecture on some fundamental principle of law. The sixth and last lecture of the course has not yet been arranged. These lectures are intended for the people of Washington as well as for the students of the university.—Baltimore *Mirror*.

India, *Bengal.*—The labors of our Belgian fathers in Western Bengal have been attended by the most marvellous success, which proves to modern sceptics the possibility of such wholesale conversions as are attributed to St. Francis Xavier in a bygone age. The province of Chota-Nagpore is about four times the size of Belgium, and contains about six millions of inhabitants. In 1885, the number of catechumens amounted to 900, in 1886 to 3000, in 1887 to 15,000, in 1888 to 50,000. The superior of the mission expects that next year it will reach 200,000. Lohardarga, one of the districts, is the centre of the Catholic movement. In extent it is about the size of Belgium, and, in 1881, the census gave it 1,600,000 inhabitants. Fr. Paul Goethals, the Archbishop of Calcutta, has lately divided Lohardarga into six principal centres, which are under the general supervision of Fr. C. Lievens. At the capital, Ranchi, reside Fr. Lievens himself, and his assistant, Fr. C. Motet. At Digghia Fr. L. Haghenbeek is in charge; at Karra, a mission founded by Fr. Lievens as late as the April of last year, Fr. J. De Smet is assisted by Fr. W. Frencken; at Kunti is Fr. Æmilius Huyghe, at Torpa Fr. Æmilius Van Severen, and at Basia Fr. L. Cardon, a newly ordained priest, has been installed. Within each of these missions there are from six to ten thousand Christian converts. Father Haghenbeek, in a letter, says that Father Lievens is already performing at Ranchi the same wonders that he previously did at Torpa in the matter

of conversions. At least sixty families there have already embraced the faith. But he specially devotes his time to settling with the principal civil authorities all religious points which arise in the different missions, so as to relieve as much as possible the hands of the local fathers from this litigious burden. Yet he has actually baptized 13,000 persons in a fortnight. This letter goes on to say that the writer has working under him twenty-eight catechists, each of whom teaches in at least four different villages. It would take too long to enumerate the vast number of conversions that are taking place; in some missions they reach two hundred a week; in others, communities are received wholesale. One thing does require to be particularly mentioned. On the evidence of these fathers, it is only too plain that, in spite of the system of government in India, the lower classes in country districts are subjected to great injustice at the hands of local native chieftains. The fathers do full justice to the English authorities, to whom, in fact, they constantly have recourse on behalf of the ill-used natives, and, apparently, never in vain; swift retribution overtakes the petty tyrants as soon as their evil deeds are proved. Father Motet, writing on the troubles that befall the converts at the hands of these petty tyrants, says: "Already these notorious thikédars (large landed proprietors) have overturned several chapels, and threatened with death both the missionaries and their converts. At Noaghar, where, on September 26, Father Lievens baptized from six to seven hundred catechumens, the *dikou* conceived a violent hatred against them. His sepoys began to insult the Christians, and even to strike them. Three days later, as one of the newly baptized was cutting his field of rice, one of these sepoys attacked him without cause and slew him, moved thereto by hatred of the Christian name. The murderer has been arrested, and justice will be done to him, but his victim has the honor of being the first martyr of the Chota-Nagpore missions." But in many cases the native authorities, if the criminal can afford a sufficiently large bribe, hush up such cases, and succeed in hoodwinking the English officials. But of course this cannot be done when the facts are reported to the Jesuit Fathers, who at once inform Father Lievens at Ranchi, and supply him with all the evidence necessary to secure a verdict against the culprit. The fathers spare no pains in thus acting as the guardians and protectors of the helpless natives, and no doubt much of their success is due to the esteem and affection in which consequently they are held. The children are very quick at learning, and in a short time are able to hold their own in a dispute with a Protestant about the greatest mysteries of the faith. — Extract from *London Tablet.*

Mangalore.—Lord Connemara, the Governor of Madras, a Protestant and a freemason, recently paid a visit to our college at Mangalore. He thanked the fathers and students for the hearty welcome tendered him, praised the good behavior of the students, and on leaving wished all the blessings of "our common Lord." On previous occasions he has shown the same kindness to our fathers, and he maintains that "the education given to the Hindoos is of no avail without the Christian religion."

The following statistics from the Mangalore Mission for 1888–89 may be interesting:—One bishop; 22 priests S. J.; 13 scholastics; 7 coadjutor brothers; 36 secular priests; 75 nuns; 26 catechists; 68,798 Catholics; 25 seminarians; 330 students in our college; 103 baptisms of pagan adults, 52 of children of pagans, 2830 of children of Christians, 17 of Protestants; 7762 confirmations; 130,860 confessions; 148,361 Communions; 711 marriages; 612 extreme unctions.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Abp. George Porter (S. J.)—On Saturday, Sept. 28, Fr. George Porter S. J., Archbishop of Bombay, breathed his last in the midst of his labors. Born at Exeter in 1825, he entered the novitiate of the Society at Hodder Place, near Stonyhurst, in 1841. He was for a number of years prefect of studies at Stonyhurst, both before and after his ordination. After his tertianship, which he made in France in 1859, he was appointed professor of dogmatic theology at St. Beuno's. From 1863 to 1871, he was rector of St. Francis Xavier's at Liverpool. In 1873, after lighter duties at London, he was made novice-master at Roehampton. In 1880, he acted as representative of the English Province at Rome in the discussion about the privileges of Regulars, which had been submitted to the Pope by the Hierarchy. In October 1881, he was made rector of Farm-street church, London, but immediately after his appointment, he was summoned to Fiesole as English Assistant, which post he held until succeeded by Fr. Keller. He then resumed his duties as rector at Farm street, and remained in that office till 1887, when he was appointed to the archbishopric of Bombay. Father Porter was well known for his retreats, many of which he gave every year. Notes of these, under the title of "Spiritual Retreats," were published in 1887, and in a few months reached a second and enlarged edition. The climate of India, the cares of his diocese, and his incessant labor soon showed their effect on his health; and in July 1888, he received the last sacraments and was twice on the point of death. On September 28, a telegram brought the news of his death. No details have come yet. We may be sure he was ready for the summons and glad to go.—R. I. P.

Japan.—The Church is making great progress here every year. Northern Japan has now 1 bishop, 40 missionaries, and 10,026 Christians; while, in 1876, there were but 886 Christians. In Central Japan there are 2185 Christians, with 1 bishop and 14 missionaries.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Martyrs of Charity.—Fr. Paul Raymond, of the Society, and Fr. Julius Dorado, a Franciscan, were among the passengers on the Spanish ship *Remus*, that was wrecked off the Philippines on Jan. 30. Both gave their lives to save the unfortunate passengers. Fr. Raymond had been asked to get into one of the life-boats to save his own life, but refused, saying that he would not leave the ship until all the others were safe. He was last seen kneeling on the deck as the ship sank beneath the waves. Fr. Dorado left one of the life-boats, to save a poor man who was floating on a trunk, and lost his own life.—*Die Katholischen Missionen.*

Mexico.—The number of Communions during this year's missions reached 80,000. — An account of the arrest and imprisonment of our fathers will be found in Fr. de la Cerda's letter in the present number.

Missouri Province.—The Provincial Congregation opened on July 2nd and closed on the 5th; 37 fathers took part in it, two were prevented by sickness from attending. Fr. Thomas O'Neil was elected Procurator.—The fathers of the province gave 97 retreats this summer.

Colleges.—Actual attendance of students in the middle of October: — St. Louis University, 414; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, 396; Detroit College, 263; St. Mary's (Boarding) College, Kansas, 247; Marquette College, Milwaukee, 213; St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, 207; Creighton College, Omaha, 194; Collegiate School, Chicago (North), 54.—The Colleges are flourishing.

The attendance throughout is larger than last year. It may be said in general, that all the desirable students of the last session returned. The higher classes are well attended. As a rule, the students of the various colleges are what they should be—pious, studious, manly. In Cincinnati the lowest Latin class (3d Academic) numbers 105, in three divisions. Chicago and Omaha are exclusively classical colleges.—The new catalogue shows a total of 141 priests, 140 scholastics, 106 brothers. Grand total, 387 ; an increase of 13 over last year.

St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Florissant.—Fr. R. J. Meyer is acting as Rector and Master of Tertians during Fr. Thos. O'Neil's absence in Europe. There are 13 tertians: 5 of the Missouri Province, and 8 from the neighboring missions. Of the 24 juniors, 21 are of Missouri. 20 scholastic novices were received last summer. At present the novitiate numbers 31 novices.

The Young Scholasticate has 20 philosophers *primi anni:* 18 of the Missouri Province, 2 of the Rocky Mountain Mission.—*Rev. Fr. Frieden.*

Kansas, St. Mary's.—We have at present 235 boarders. We are putting up an infirmary here, of pressed brick, with stone facings; it will be two stories high, 78 by 40, with all modern improvements. Our big buildings are found to be too small for the needs of the college classes, and it is pretty certain that, by next summer, we shall have accommodations for 300 pupils, and I think it will not be a difficult task to get the boys.—We employ the arc light for the yard, and it answers splendidly for the purpose.— Fr. E. O'Sullivan is here, doing good service ;this health seems to be mending. Mr. Gartland is here, too; his health was too poor to allow of his going on with his studies. He is getting better, and hopes to be fully built up before the end of the year.—*Extract from a letter to Fr. Sabetti.*

New Mexico Mission, *Denver, Col.*—The college of the Sacred Heart has this year 134 students, of whom 120 are boarders. The electric light has been introduced.—The lectures in philosophy are open to young men wishing to study philosophy, but unable to take the whole college course.

New Orleans Mission.—Spring Hill College has now 114 boarders.—At New Orleans there are 378 students. A new parish-school will be opened in November, a few squares from the college.—Grand Coteau has 87 boarders and 18 day-scholars.

New York, *St. Francis Xavier's.*—The night class, for young men who wish to prepare themselves for the priesthood, numbers this year 60 members. It is taught by MM. Clifford and McCarthy. The number of students in the college is now nearly 500.—The fathers of the missionary band are soon to give a mission in the New York cathedral, and another in Brooklyn at the church of the Assumption, where the Rev. Wm. Keegan, V. G. is pastor.

Palestine.—There are in Jerusalem more than 30,000 Jews. The new city, to the west of Jerusalem proper, is already larger than that city was in the days of our Lord. It seems that one of the Rothschilds would like to buy half of Jerusalem, and has already offered to the Sultan more than £32,000,000 for the whole of Palestine. There are already ten colonies of Jews there, supported by the Rothschilds of Paris. The Russians are also endeavoring to gain a firm hold on the Holy Land. They have fifty schools and have named a patriarch who is favorable to their plans for securing a mortgage on the Holy Sepulchre.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Philadelphia, *St. Joseph's College.*—The old church of the Gesù, at the corner of 17th and Stiles Sts., was divided off by partitions into six large, well-lighted classrooms, wherein to accommodate the two lower classes, Rudiments and Third Grammar, of the Free College. The number of applicants is very large, but as an examination is required for entrance, not more than one in every three is admitted. There are at present 77 in the classes: 64 in Rudiments and 13 in Third Grammar. Three others who began the course have dropped out. If the examination were omitted, probably 300 would have been received by the end of the year, but most of these would be unpromising material for a college course.

League of the Sacred Heart.—More than 800,000 certificates of admission to the League have been issued from the *Messenger* office in Philadelphia since 1885 Every month, 420,000 Rosary tickets are issued for the use of those who belong to the Second Degree of the League. New local centres are being established at the rate of more than one every day.

Gesù.—FF. McCarthy, Langcake, Pye Neale, and Barnum are giving a mission at the church of the Gesù. During the first, or women's week, over 3000 confessions were heard.

Rocky Mountains, *Extract of a letter from one of the missionaries.*—It is said that our Indians are dying out very fast, and that within ten or twenty years, there will be few Indians left in the present Rocky Mountain missions. It is true that in most of our missions a good number of Indians are dying every year, most of them either of scrofula or of consumption, especially amongst the Cœur d'Alênes. Yet when the first census of these Indians was taken, about 1850, they numbered scarcely 350, and now they number more than 500. And very probably the same may be said of other tribes. Some say the Indians are wanting in industry and cleanliness. But that something can be done with an Indian, even in these temporal things, would be proved by a visit to De Smet Mission amongst the Cœur d'Alênes in Idaho. There you will find several frame houses, and two nice school-houses, built by the Indians in front of our residence; they themselves will be found at work on their farm. Every Saturday afternoon they return to the Mission, and, after having fulfilled their Sunday duties, they go back to their farm. As a rule, they succeed well in farming. I was told that a few years ago the squaw of Seltise, their Chief, got the premium for good butter at the annual fair of Spokane Falls: a fact which doubtless may testify both for her industry and for her cleanliness. The success of this tribe may be said to be due mostly to the zealous work of the missionaries. Chief Seltise contributes much to it by his good example and good government. These Indians dress for the most part after the fashion of white people. Concerning the progress the Indian children make in school, it may be said, that almost all who ever went to visit an Indian school were much surprised to find the Indian boys and girls so far advanced. The half-breed will, as a rule, make a better reader and speaker in English than the full-breed, since the latter finds it very hard to pronounce distinctly several letters of the English alphabet. Hence, it is not so very easy for them to acquire a good pronunciation. Nevertheless, you will always find some who overcome all the difficulties and become good English readers and speakers.

Rome, *Very Rev. Fr. General's visit to the Holy Father.*—During one of Father General's latest visits to Rome, he was most graciously received by His Holiness. When the Holy Father had learned that Fr. General was

somewhat fatigued in coming up the steps of the Vatican, he gave orders to lead him to the elevator in order to spare him all fatigue. The Holy Father received him very cordially, and conversed with him in the most open and kindly manner. The audience lasted about an hour and a quarter. During the conversation, the Holy Father said: "My soul is undergoing continual agony; all that happens about me causes me great pain. One thing, however, consoles me in the midst of my sorrows; it is the faithfulness of the Society of Jesus. Yes, the Society is faithful to me." After the audience, Fr. General returned to the German College, very happy and delighted with his visit.

The rooms of St. Stanislaus will soon disappear. The beams of the ceiling and the stones of the floor will be removed to one of the old corridors of St. Andrea, where they will be put together as well as possible. The government was willing to spare the rooms, but claimed a right to the keys. They desired also that the chapel of St. Andrea should become the Quirinal chapel, and they were ready to give instead the church of the Holy Shroud. But to this the Cardinal-Vicar will never consent.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Scientific Notes, *Georgetown Observatory.*—The staff of the observatory has suffered a loss in the removal of Mr. Ulrich, whose services as computer were very valuable. Fr. Daugherty and Mr. Dawson have volunteered their assistance in night work.—A civil engineer asked the favor of receiving instructions here in astronomical field-work. Having received a favorable reply, he came over a thousand miles and stayed about a month, using only the portable instruments. His perseverance was crowned with success; for although at first quite a stranger to astronomical work, he determined the longitude of the south-pier, opposite the meridian circle, by means of our daily telegraphic time-signals, to the tenth of a second, using the sextant and the eye-and-ear method, his only outfit for future field-work. He left here delighted with his success and grateful to the university.—Important experiments have been made at the observatory during the last two months, for the purpose of removing the "personal equation" in transit observations, by means of photography. One night, Prof. Bigelow, to whom the idea is due, and Mr. Saegmüller, an instrument maker of Washington, were sitting with the director of the observatory at the table in the library, and consulting as to the best way of putting the idea to a test. The long focus of the equatorial, and the electrical connections for time-signals and incandescent lamps, came in very handy for the purpose. The first camera was soon constructed and screwed to the eye-end of the telescope, and a few evenings later the star *Alpha Aquilæ* was made to trace its diurnal motion on a small plate not quite two inches square, while the sidereal clock made the whole camera move in a vertical direction once every second. Finally, the spider-lines of the micrometer were photographed on the same plate, by means of an incandescent lamp, held for a few seconds before the object glass. The development of the first plate, in the dark-room of the cellar, was watched with great expectation, and, to the satisfaction of all the bystanders, brought forth two parallel trails, broken into dashes, each representing a second of time, and the whole reticule of the micrometer lines. This first apparatus was soon superseded by a second, and the second by a third; each being improved as the experiments suggested. Further experiments will be necessary to perfect the details. This method of letting the sensitive plate take the place of the eye and of the chronograph seems to have a great future. The first plates taken will be preserved here to testify that at Georgetown College Observatory the feasibility of photographic transits was first proved.—*Fr. Hagen.*

Two Remarkable Solar Eruptions.—Father Julius Fényi, successor to Fr. Braun as director of the Kalocsa Observatory, Hungary, records in a note to the Paris Academy of Sciences his observation of the remarkable solar eruptions which he observed on September 5, and 6, 1888. Both eruptions would have been remarkable had they occurred even at a time of maximum activity; but, coming as they did nearly at dead minimum, they stand out as most unusual. The two eruptions were nearly in the same heliographic latitude. The first was on the east limb in S. lat. 18°, the other was distant some 4½°, and, as the base of each was about 3° in length, they could not have overlapped, and if connected in origin must have sprung from a deep-seated source.—*Nature.*

In the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* for July, there is a learned and exhaustive article on Earthquakes (Sismologie, Etude des Tremblements de Terre) by Father Dehert; also a review of Physical Discoveries and Memoirs by Fr. Delsaulx. Fr. Delattre also contributes a second article on Les Inscriptions de Tell El-Amarna.

The new president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, the Rev. Father Perry, S. J., F. R. S., will spend the coming Christmas far away from home. In the month of December, H. M. S. *Comus* will carry the reverend astronomer from Barbadoes to Cayenne, there to watch the great solar eclipse which takes place just before Christmas. Father Perry is sent out by the Royal Astronomical Society.

South America, *Bolivia.*—The corner-stone of the new church of St. Joseph, at La Paz, was laid on the 17th of March.

Colombia. — Mgr. Velasco, S. J., Bishop of Pasto, has been made archbishop of Santa Fé de Bogota, to replace Mgr. Paul, S. J., lately deceased.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Peru.—A small college was opened by our fathers at Lima last year; after two months the college had 60 students, and at the end of the year 82, almost all from the best families of the capital. The college is legally held in the name of our fathers by Mgr. Garcia and four distinguished friends, but everybody knows it is a Jesuit college.—*Letter from Ecuador to Fr. Pfister.*

Spain, *St. Francis Borgia.*—Some time ago, the body of St. Francis Borgia was given over to the Society by the Duke of Ossuna. On that occasion, Very Rev. Fr. General sent him a very beautiful letter of thanks, in which he made him a sharer in all the merits of the Society. But when Fr. Coloma, delegated by Rev. Fr. Provincial, claimed the saint's body, and presented the document in question, several persons objected. They would rather give us, they said, a chapel and residence in Madrid, where the body would rest, than part with the holy treasure. The matter is as yet unsettled.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Bellarmin.— Among the relics of Spain, is some blood of the Ven. Cardinal Bellarmin. This blood is kept in a phial, and every year, on the 11th of December, when it is still in a solid state, it begins to soften, then to liquefy, and remains in a liquid condition up to the month of July, when it begins to solidify. On the 11th of July, it appears in a solid state again. Twenty-three years ago, the bishop of Salamanca submitted the phenomenon to the examination of three physicians, who declared the blood to be genuine. For the last two or three years, two seminarians have been appointed to observe the condition of the blood during the period of liquefaction, and the result of three observations has been sent to Rome. This precious relic is

kept in the church of the seminary of Salamanca, in the chapel of San Pelayo.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Syria, *Beyroot.*—Four of our seminarians were lately made doctors in theology and seven in philosophy. Their examinations were extremely brilliant. Four of them are Copts, three Latins, and one a Maronite. The ceremony of the promotion to the doctorate was performed in the most solemn manner; the biretta, ring, and book being given according to the ancient rites. We have also given several degrees in medicine, since the French government has at last granted us this power. Hence our end is gained; the Protestant faculty of Beyroot, which is thoroughly materialistic, has been beaten, and it is at present on its last legs.—The *Arab Review of the Catholic Church,* which is properly ours, is in a most flourishing state. All the Greek Catholic priests are its subscribers. The Maronite patriarch has sent to the editors a beautiful letter of encouragement. This venerable prelate, who has ruled his nation for 35 years, admires also very much the *Béchir,* a journal of ours, which is at present the only Catholic paper in Syria. Recently a few of our latest publications have been sent to the Congress of Orientalists in Stockholm, at the special request of the congress.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Washington, *Gonzaga College.*—Though the number of its classes is less by two than that of previous years, Gonzaga College opened on Sept. 2nd with more students than it had on the corresponding day last year.—Mr. W. P. O'Connor recently returned from Denver, Col., to assist at Gonzaga College.—The colored sodality of St. Aloysius' Church began its existence on Sunday evening, Sept. 1st, with a membership of over one hundred and fifty. By the middle of October the number had already reached five hundred. The branch of the Sacred Heart League established in this parish has now over three thousand members. The Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst meets every second Friday of the month. At each meeting a sermon is preached, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

West Indies, *New Vicar-Apostolic.*—On the Feast of the Assumption, the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Charles Gordon, D. D., S. J., (a son of the late Sir Charles Gordon, of Drimmin,) as Bishop of Thyatira *in partibus,* and Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, West Indies, took place in the Cathedral of St. Andrew, Glasgow, Scotland. The new vicar-apostolic passed through New York on the 2nd of September, on his way to Jamaica.

Worcester, Mass., *Letter from Holy Cross College.*—The number of boarders has increased beyond all precedent. There are 194 at present, and with 41 day-scholars, the record of any former year has been surpassed. It seems to be a healthy increase, as 86 per cent. of last year's scholars have returned; i. e. of those who passed the final examination, excluding graduates. The upper classes, as usual, are large: 31 in Philosophy, 40 in Rhetoric, 41 in Poetry. We are cramped for space, especially in classrooms and study-hall; the remedy will be an extension of the buildings, and a new wing is spoken of, for next year. Meantime, we are in the position, unique for an American college, to refuse further applicants—but we have not yet been reduced to this extremity. Some noteworthy improvements have been introduced; among them a much needed elevator to the clothes-room and dormitory; the whole building has been painted, and the glaring red of the bricks has given place to a subdued Quaker tint; the road to the gate has

been rendered dry by large gutters and a top-dressing of gravel; the boys will have a haven of refuge in this 'wind-loved spot' during winter, as a long covered shed is in process of erection behind the college. The boys, in general, are 'stalwarts' in physique, and; in politics, 'unterrified Democrats.'

Zambesi.—Our fathers are meeting with many trials in their new mission. Great misery exists on all sides. St. Aidan's College, which opened with large numbers, was visited by a contagious disease. The college had to be closed, and many of the students died. For want of money, the new addition to the college had to be abandoned.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Home News, *Ordinations.*—His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, began the ordinations this year on August 23rd, the last day of the retreat. On that day he conferred tonsure, minor orders, and subdeaconship; deaconship on the day following, and priesthood on Sunday the 25th. The following received the order of priesthood:—

From the Maryland New York Province—William J. Richley, Patrick McGinney, Lawrence J. Kavanagh, Patrick H. Kelly, John Broderick, Joseph Stadelman and John A. Brosnan. Missouri Province—Patrick J. Mulconry and John F. Weir. New Orleans Mission—James De Potter and James P. Moore. California Mission—Denis Mahony and Joseph Riordan. Rocky Mountain Mission—Anthony T. Rinck and John Boschi. The same orders were conferred on Mr. John Kemper, from the convent of the Order of Minor Capuchins, Cumberland, Md. Mr. Raphael Schwartz of Baltimore, from the same convent, received subdeaconship and deaconship on the two previous days, but not the order of priesthood.

Those who received tonsure and minor orders on the 23rd were:—Messrs. John B. Lamb, Martin J. Hollohan, Edward Barry, David H. Buel, Edward W. Raymond, Francis J. Lamb, Francis J. McNiff, Francis J. Suter, George A. Heuisler, William J. Talbot, Wm. S. Singleton, Henry J. Dumbach, John B. Moskopp, John B. Smith, John C. Burke, John H. Lodenkamper, Lawrence J. Kenny, Louis Taelman, Matthew H. McMenamy, Michael A. Purtell, Michael J. Mahony, Terence J. Shealy, Aloysius F. Heitkamp, Aloysius Wenger, Charles F. Bridges, Daniel O'Sullivan, Denis Lynch, George R. Kister, Wm. J. Harrington, Wm. J. Holden, Herman J. Goller, James Chamard, James S. Downs, John J. Gudgeon, Louis G. Bashnal, Michael J. Tiernan, Patrick J. O'Gorman, Patrick Murnane, Patrick M. Collins, Thomas A. O'Malley, Thomas E. Scott, Thomas F. Brown, Thomas M. Connell.

Several of the new priests have since left Woodstock. Fr. Kavanagh is teaching rhetoric in Fordham; Fr. McGinney is at Holy Cross College, Worcester; Fr. Kelly is engaged on the *Messenger* and *Pilgrim* at the Gesù, Philadelphia; Fr. Richley is prefect of the preparatory department at Georgetown; Fr. Broderick is engaged in parish work at Alexandria, Va.; Fr. Mulconry has returned to the Missouri Province, and Fr. Moore to the New Orleans Mission. Fr. Boschi has gone to the Rocky Mountain Mission, and Fr. Rinck to St. Beuno's.

Shortly before the ordinations, Fr. Rector started for Europe, in the company of Fr. O'Neil of the Missouri Province, to attend the congregation of procurators. He was replaced by Fr. James A. Ward, Socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial, until the latter was called to be rector of the novitiate at Frederick. Fr. Rector returned from Europe on the steamer *City of Berlin*, arriving in New York on Oct. 18. Just as this goes to press the scholastics are preparing to give him a hearty welcome home on Tuesday the 22nd.

Faculty Notes.—Since the opening of schools, Fr. Guldner has been teaching evening dogma in place of Fr. Finlay. Fr. Conway, who was appointed to this chair, has thus far been prevented by physicians from lecturing. Fr. Maas has been replacing Fr. Guldner. Fr. M. H. O'Brien is teaching ethics and natural law in place of Fr. Holaind. Fr. J. L. Smith is teaching special metaphysics, and Fr. W. P. Brett logic and general metaphysics.

Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan, Professor of Physics, has touched upon the most interesting questions of the day in the "Scientific Chronicle," which he publishes in every number of the *American Catholic Quarterly.*

Father Sabetti, Professor of Moral Theology, has published several *casus morales* in the *American Ecclesiastical Record.*

The July number of the *Catholic Quarterly*, and the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for the same month, contain the articles "Max Müller on Language and Thought," and "Confession in the Synagogue," both by Fr. Maas, our Professor of Hebrew.

Parish.—The parish church at Woodstock was dedicated, under the patronage of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, on Sunday, Aug. 25. A solemn High Mass was sung on the occasion, and the Cardinal preached and gave confirmation. A new hall, 30 by 50, is now in process of erection to the north of the church. It will be known as the Catholic Lyceum, and used for meetings of the Young Men's Catholic Club, for society entertainments, etc. It promises to be the neatest piece of architecture in this part of the country. The interior, walls and ceiling, will be finished entirely in wood, and at the south end will be a stage 10 by 24.

Library.—Rev. Fr. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, has kindly sent us *Historiæ Rhytmicæ, Liturgische Reimofficien des Mittelalters*, by Fr. Guido Maria Dreves; published by Fues, Leipzig, 1889.

Father Prachensky has sent us the tenth volume of the German translation of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas. The character of the work has been described in a former number of the LETTERS.

The Secretary of the Province of Quebec, Hon. N. C. A. E. Gagnon, has just sent us "Jugements et Délibérations du Conseil Supérieur de Quebec"—published by the Department of Registration of the Province, under the auspices of the Quebec Legislature—vol. v.

Office of the LETTERS.—We call attention to the Special Notice under the title "Biographical Supplement," in the present number. INDEX B of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, for the years 1882–87, is sent out with this number.—The continuation of Fr. Razzini's Memoirs, begun in the previous number, has not yet reached us.—The *Ministeria Spiritualia*, usually printed in this number, has not yet arrived; we hope to have it in the next number.

CONGREGATIO PROCURATORUM

HABITA FESULIS DIE 8 SEPT. 1889

A. R. P. ANTONIUS MARIA ANDERLEDY

PRÆPOSITUS GENERALIS SOC. JESU

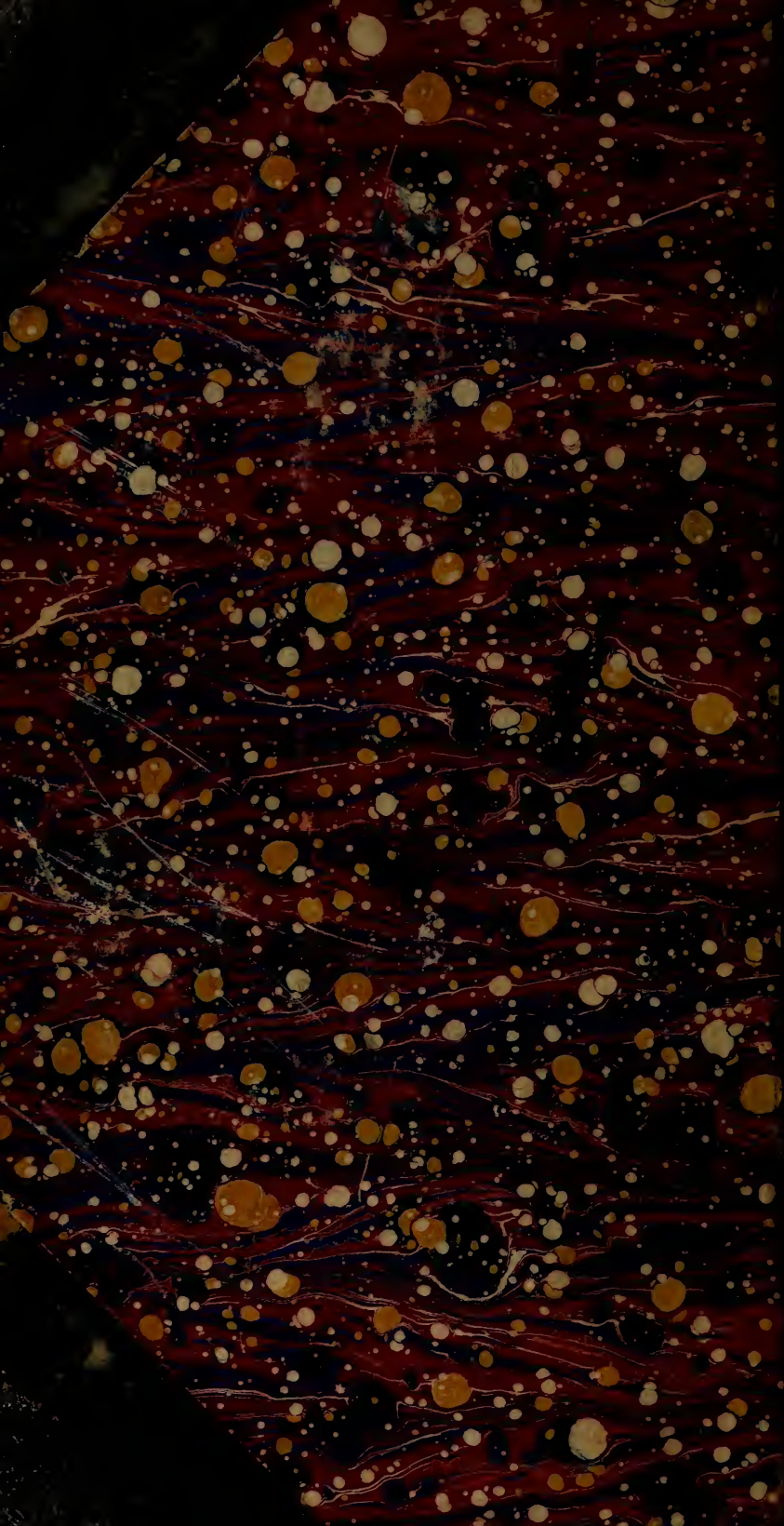
NOMEN ET COGNOMEN		ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
ASSISTENTES	ASSISTENTIÆ			
P. Matthæus Ciravegna	Italiæ	19 Mar. 1825	18 Nov. 1842	25 Mar. 1860
P. Fr. Grandidier, *Subst.*	Galliæ	18 Jul. 1823	22 Aug. 1845	2 Feb. 1862
P. Joan. Jos. de la Torre	Hispaniæ	19 Mar. 1830	9 Oct. 1852	15 Aug. 1865
P. Robertus Whitty	Angliæ	7 Jan. 1817	8 Apr. 1857	2 Feb. 1868
P. Gaspar Hœvel	Germaniæ	15 Sep. 1831	14 Oct. 1856	2 Feb. 1874
PROCURATORES	PROVINCIÆ			
P. Titus Vaccari	Venetæ	17 Feb. 1820	9 Oct. 1837	2 Feb. 1856
P. Josephus M. Pujol	Aragoniæ	18 Jul. 1820	13 Oct. 1840	2 Feb. 1857
P. Ambrosius Matignon	Franciæ	4 Feb. 1824	16 Apr. 1845	15 Aug. 1858
P. Ferdinandus Canger	Neapolitanæ	10 Dec. 1826	22 Apr. 1840	2 Feb. 1860
P. Eduardus Kelly	Hiberniæ	3 Dec. 1824	23 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Georgius Cannata	Siculæ	17 Mai. 1827	2 Dec. 1842	15 Aug. 1861
P. Thomas O'Neil	Missourianæ	24 Jan. 1822	16 Jul. 1844	2 Feb. 1863
P. Josephus Janssens	Belgicæ	4 Sep. 1826	24 Sep. 1845	2 Feb. 1863
P. Stephanus Clairet	Lugdunensis	21 Jun. 1829	12 Oct. 1849	2 Feb. 1867
P. Mauritius Meschler	Germaniæ	16 Sep. 1830	8 Nov. 1850	2 Feb. 1867
P. Thomas Ghetti	Romanæ	26 Dec. 1833	4 Mai. 1850	15 Aug. 1867
P. Joseph. Ledergerber	Campaniæ	1 Jan. 1830	5 Apr. 1852	15 Aug. 1868
P. Eduardus Purbrick	Angliæ	22 Jun. 1830	15 Oct. 1851	2 Feb. 1869
P. Antonius Langer	Galiciæ	8 Sep. 1833	29 Sep. 1852	15 Aug. 1870
P. Adrianus Carrere	Tolosanæ	28 Aug. 1833	5 Nov. 1852	2 Feb. 1871
P. Joannes N. Mayr	Austriæ	13 Feb. 1832	13 Jan. 1857	2 Feb. 1873
P. Petrus O. Racicot	Maryl. N. Ebor.	20 Dec. 1839	18 Jul. 1855	15 Aug. 1873
P. Gulielmus Van Hooff	Neerlandiæ	19 Mai. 1840	24 Sep. 1857	2 Feb. 1875
P. Joach. Campo Sancto	Lusitanæ	10 Mai. 1841	16 Jun. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Joannes Urráburu	Castellanæ	23 Mai. 1844	3 Mai. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Josephus Velez	Toletanæ	19 Apr. 1843	31 Jul. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Jacobus Razzini	Taurinensis	9 Dec. 1816	8 Mai. 1834	28 Aug. 1881

Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1888–89 STUDENTS	1888–89 GRAD A.B.	1887–88 STUDENTS	1887–88 GRAD A.B.
Baltimore, Md	Loyola College*	Md. N. Y.	114	...	119	...
Boston, Mass	Boston College*	Md. N. Y.	278	18	291	14
Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius' College	German	353	...	334	3
Chicago, Ill	St. Ignatius' College*	Missouri	259	5	237	5
Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier College*	"	380	4	415	7
Cleveland, O.	St. Ignatius' College*	German	124	...	90	...
Denver, Col.	Sacred Heart College	Naples	152	...	207	...
Detroit, Mich.	Detroit College*	Missouri	255	10	263	13
Fordham, N. Y.	St. John's College	Md. N. Y.	298	11	266	18
Galveston, Texas	St. Mary's Univ.*	N. O. Miss.	117	...	110	...
Georgetown, D. C.	Georgetown College	Md. N. Y.	220	12	202	10
Grand Coteau, La.	St. Charles' College	N. O Miss.	117	2	90	2
Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's College*	Md. N. Y.	108	4	111	...
Milwaukee, Wis.	Marquette College*	Missouri	223	...	202	6
Montreal, Can.	College Ste. Marie	Miss. of Can.	340	3	358	...
New York, N. Y.	St. Franc. Xav. Coll*	Md. N. Y.	423	11	418	12
New Orleans, La.	Im. Concept. College*	N. O. Miss.	395	10	386	12
Omaha, Neb.	Creighton College*	Missouri	182	...	183	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba.	College of St. Joseph	Miss. of Can.	115	...	115	2
Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara College	Turin	274	2	256	7
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius' College*	"	729	...	772	4
San José, Cal.	St. Joseph's College*	"	132	...	96	...
Spokane Falls, Wash.	Gonzaga College	"	35	...	18	...
St. Louis, Mo.	St Louis Univ.*	Missouri	435	4	284	3
St. Mary's, Kan.	St. Mary's College	"	250	4	279	5
Spring Hill, Ala.	St. Joseph's College	N. O. Miss.	119	8	108	7
Washington, D. C.	Gonzaga College*	Md. N. Y.	85	...	95	...
Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross College	Md. N. Y.	223	20	213	23
		Total	6735	128	6518	153

* Day Schools.

Fructus Ministerii PP. Provinciæ Missourianæ, Jul. 1887, ad Jul. 1888.

DOMICILIA	Bapt. Infant.	Bapt. Adult.	Confess. Partic.	Confess. General.	Commun. in T.	Commun. extra T.	Matrimon. Bened.	Matrimon. Revalid.	Ultim. Sacram.	Parat. ad 1 Commun.	Parat. ad Confirm.	Catecheses	Concion. et Exhort.	Exercit. Presbyt.	Exercit. Religios.	Exercit. Studios.	Exercit. Privat.	Mission.	Noven. et Trid.	Visit. Hospit.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitat.	Num. Sodal.	Pueri in Schol. Paroch.	Puellæ in Schol. Paroch.
UNIVERSIT. STI. LUDOVICI ..	212	176	123114	3511	91300	107754	89	34	178	564	267	1543	1678	2	16	1	...	54	17	235	30	515	10	2045	211	216
RESID. STI. JOSEPHI.....	290	37	46778	636	37877	.....	52	10	150	223	215	571	294	...	2	...	...	1	3	43	.....	462	6	1673	498	513
DOM. PROB, STI. STANISLAI	1	64	11500	3489	1000	14000	1	9	2	212	.....	936	603	...	2	...	12	21	7	.....	.....	.....	1	50	.....	.....
RESID. ECCL. STI. FERDIN.	59	3	4700	25	8190	30	6	1	13	37	38	150	90	...	...	...	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	136	48	60
S. FERD. ECCL. SS. CORDIS...	45	1	4310	25	4860	15	6	.....	32	31	31	160	59	...	1	...	...	.....	3	.....	.....	55	3	230	70	64
RESID. STI. CAROLI	37	6	15445	.....	5600	8850	12	.....	17	29	45	121	119	...	2	...	...	.....	.....	7	.....	61	3	174	.....	.....
RESID. WASHINGTONIENSIS	79	3	9705	570	9205	45	18	1	31	103	.....	560	221	...	1	...	1	.....	8	.....	.....	80	8	550	190	212
RESID. KANSANOPOLIT.	40	6	6795	50	4155	240	10	1	12	23	35	96	120	...	1	...	...	.....	7	.....	.....	65	4	195	30	40
RESID. STÆ. ANNÆ	16	.....	1800	10	700	300	6	.....	10	10	.....	160	100	...	...	...	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	25	.....	.....	.....	.....
COLLEG. STI. IGNATII	1256	87	203281	3556	180914	30899	261	10	603	998	901	1490	1166	1	7	4	8	15	45	36	.....	6248	9	5014	1890	2383
RESID. CHICAGIENSIS	301	5	39547	234	38990	230	68	14	87	177	181	172	226	...	...	...	2	.....	4	8	.....	776	7	1451	455	561
COLLEG. STÆ. MARIÆ.....	94	10	16227	275	6155	3120	12	7	60	68	151	190	397	1	6	...	...	.....	4	.....	.....	145	8	452	.....	.....
INSTITUT. OSAGIANI.....	58	13	12650	219	11386	.....	10	2	13	95	134	380	330	...	4	2	...	.....	4	.....	.....	225	7	584	200	201
COLLEG. DETROITENSIS	104	38	63242	1636	59775	10636	41	1	67	81	191	773	274	3	7	3	...	2	9	90	22	1278	5	877	147	156
COLLEG. CREIGHTONENSIS...	6	.....	6435	.....	5500	.....	.....	.....	11	15	.....	86	198	1	5	...	...	2	5	.....	30	13	2	.....	.....	.....
RESID. OMAHENSIS.....	147	23	13635	.....	10045	.....	21	6	53	75	154	153	155	...	...	...	...	.....	3	7	.....	363	4	403	120	240
MISSIONIS NEBRACEN. I.....	42	.....	1350	11	980	.....	5	.....	13	50	.....	41	65	...	...	...	...	.....	4	.....	.....	16	1	97	30	25
" " II.....	108	2	1800	750	1500	.....	12	5	27	82	124	141	320	...	...	...	...	6	2	3	.....	44	4	120	38	42
" " III.....	85	1	1290	8	1220	.....	5	2	2	28	20	104	75	...	...	...	...	3	2	.....	.....	12	1	32	12	.....
" " IV.....	80	1	1200	20	600	900	14	1	30	36	160	30	120	...	...	...	...	6	2	.....	.....	150	3	112	52	60
COLLEG. STI. F. XAVERII....	465	67	134654	1901	99849	75701	58	11	729	284	267	856	892	2	13	7	4	4	14	537	120	1995	16	3902	715	702
COLLEG. MARQUETTENSIS ...	134	18	41336	.....	29698	20544	50	8	103	96	118	396	646	...	12	4	...	1	7	28	5	231	4	672	180	195
RESID. MILWAUKIENSIS.....	120	18	27950	450	32400	170	38	4	60	120	97	120	160	...	1	...	...	1	7	30	.....	600	9	730	195	190
Summa Totalis	3779	579	787745	17376	613429	273434	595	127	2303	3437	3129	9229	8308	10	80	21	27	116	157	1024	207	13359	117	19499	5081	5860